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MIDPENINSULA: THE JIVY LEAGUE
KEITH POWER

SIMON KARLINSKY on *Pushkin's Real Life*

STEVEN d'ARAZIEN on *Burchett's Vietnam*

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LETTERS

the press and Biafra

Stanford, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: In his interesting article on the Nigerian civil war ["Biafra: War of Images," *The Nation*, Mar. 10] Stanley Meisler emphasizes that the situation is complex and that "the Nigerians have done a poor job explaining it." Agreed. But is it not the role of the press . . . to dig out the facts . . . when ministries of information are inept and uninterested?

The world press has done a very poor job with regard to the Nigerian crisis. As a result, public opinion in most European countries and in the United States believes that Biafrans are fighting for their self-determination when, in fact, the Ibo leadership of so-called Biafra is fighting for the right to subdue 5 million ethnic minorities within Biafra who for fifteen years have clamored for their own states within the Nigerian federation, and who now run their own administrations after their territories have been liberated by federal forces.

As a result of distorted news coverage, world public opinion has come to see the civil war as an extension of the October massacres of 1966 with the intention of exterminating the Ibo people, when, in fact, observer teams from Ethiopia, Algeria, Poland, Sweden, the United Kingdom, Canada and the UN Secretariat unanimously have rejected the accusations of "genocide," and reported on how the Nigerian army and civilian administration are helping displaced Ibos to resettle in federally held Ibo territory. The 4 or 5 million Ibos who are now on the federal side are actually more safe and free than those who still live in Biafran-held territory.

People believe that Biafra seceded and is fighting Nigeria to ward off the threat of Muslim "northern domination" when, in fact, the old Northern Region was broken up into six states within the new twelve-state federal structure in May 1967, and when most of the Nigerian army as well as Nigerian leaders are Christian. . . .

Under such heavy pressure toward conformity, even Mr. Meisler, at least by implication, seems to support the cruel dream of Biafra which has killed more Ibos than the cynical NPC politicians, who organized the October massacres, ever could think of. . . . Mr. Meisler explicitly asserts that the Nigerians have a strong moral case for unity. . . . What is the moral case for Biafra, whose leadership doggedly refuses to give its large minorities the right of self-determination within the federation, and whose image makers consistently tamper with the truth about "genocide" and "Northern domination"?

Ulf Himmelstrand, Professor of Sociology
University of Uppsala, Sweden

abuse of powers

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Your editorial, "Verdict in New Orleans" [Mar. 17], needs some explanation. It was my impression that *Time* indulged in petty, spiteful journalism; this editorial displays an ugly tone. . . .

The content of the editorial was this: District Attorney Garrison's efforts produced little evidence—and most of that came from witnesses in need of psychotherapy. The district attorney abused the power of his office in bringing Mr. Shaw to trial; indeed, the Justice Department should investigate whether Mr. Shaw's constitutional rights were violated. At any rate, no one can deny that Mr. Garrison's latest complaint against Mr. Shaw amounts to abuse of powers. Let us not consider the Warren Report sacrosanct, however. That Garrison's evidence didn't impugn it doesn't mean that possible new evidence won't.

(Continued on page 468)

EDITORIALS

Three Speeches

It is getting easier, by the day, to read the *Congressional Record*. Not that the type is any better: it remains poor, and the arrangement and format are as inconvenient as ever. But the quality of the speeches is improving. Three notable examples call for special comment.

Two are by the same man—Rep. Paul Findley (R., Ill.). The first was delivered on March 24, the second on the following day. Both are on the Vietnamese War. With remarkable boldness and candor, Mr. Findley urges the President to cut our losses and get out. The argument centers on a salient point—that we can now see that there were earlier opportunities at changes of administration: when John F. Kennedy took office in 1961, and when Lyndon B. Johnson was elected in his own right in 1964.

A related and overriding point is that great nations, like great men, must have the courage to admit error and change course. The admission is vital; it clarifies the situation and dictates what must be done to make a new beginning. Former Sen. Thruston Morton set an example in this respect. So did Senator Fulbright. Mr. Findley spells out with irrefutable reasoning the misconceptions on the basis of which the ordinary uninformed, or misinformed, citizen was persuaded to give reluctant consent to this misbegotten and wicked enterprise—until with the passage of time and the mounting casualty lists he saw through the propaganda that had deceived him.

Mr. Findley puts his finger on a crucial point when he tells the Congress and the Nixon Administration that Hanoi will not concede anything of importance at the negotiating table. The armies of North Vietnam and the National Liberation Front have survived nearly twenty years of savage punishment by modern air, ground and sea forces. More of their troops have died in combat than the aggregate American losses in all our foreign wars. Remembering the sellout after the Geneva conference, and the violation of its agreements by Ngo Dinh Diem and his American backers, how could Ho concede anything vital, even if he were so minded? To ask for reciprocal concessions is to ignore the fact that we were wrong ever to interfere in this civil conflict.

Then on March 25 Findley put into the *Congressional Record*, state by state, the names of all the U.S. soldiers killed in action through the end of January 1969. The 31,379 names fill 121 pages of the *Record*. Merely to thumb through these pages is a harrowing experience for any American of ordinary sensibility. And the end is not yet. So many more have been added since peace talks began that the total now tops those killed in Korea.

As Findley asks, what has it gained us? Were sacrifices of this magnitude ever justified? Were *any* American deaths justified? Or is Vietnam, as Dr. George Wald has pointed out in a widely quoted speech, "the most shameful episode in the whole of American history"?

Another speech worth noting is Shirley Chisholm's first address to the House. Representative Chisholm (D., N.Y.) is for people and peace, not for profits and war.

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She is not going to vote for any military appropriation measure until the slaughter in Vietnam is halted and we start redirecting our resources. Mrs. Chisholm is not a pacifist but in common with other nonpacifists she will not have this war on her conscience.

The Nixon Administration, many legislators, and many citizens who have given their sons and their dollars to fight a futile and disgraceful war, are trapped by the idea of an "honorable" peace. By that its proponents mean one which will look like a victory. But that is impossible. Even Ambassador Lodge has said that neither side can win a military victory. The best we can get is a political defeat, and the Nixon Administration would be wise to acknowledge that fact with as good a face as possible, pick up the pieces, and go on to constructive efforts. It does not have all the time in the world, nor will the task grow easier with procrastination. We cannot get an "honorable" peace, but any peace we can get will do more honor to our dead than does this interminable slaughter.

The Other Democrats

The House Democratic Study Group (DSG) has declared war on the Democratic Congressmen who vote more like Republicans than do most Republicans. The declaration is in the form of a DSG study revealing the record on thirty key votes that represent Democratic Party platform or traditional Democratic policies. Astonishingly, the study shows that "thirty-four Democratic committee and subcommittee chairmen—nearly one of every three—exceed the average Republican in opposing Democratic programs on the thirty key votes." The issues involved are poverty and hunger, housing and urban development, education, civil rights, gun control and crime, foreign aid, federal expenditures, and consumer protection. Not surprisingly, the errant Democrats are mostly Dixiecrats and border state Congressmen, while their DSG critics consist of 128 members from thirty-six Northern, Midwestern and Western states and seventeen members from fourteen Southern and border states.

The thirty-four Democratic chairmen—the "Republican" Democrats—include six full committee chairmen. According to the report, they "voted only 8 per cent in support of the Democratic position while voting 92 per cent in opposition. The overall Republican record—which two additional chairmen equaled—was 24 per cent support and 76 per cent opposition. The opposition of non-DSG Democrats was responsible for two-thirds of the seventeen Democratic defeats on the thirty votes surveyed—and Democratic chairmen alone were responsible for over half of the seventeen defeats."

Such facts have never before been publicized by an organization within the party for the purpose of exposing right-wing Democrats to their fellow Democrats as well as to the voters. A less explicit purpose of the report, although of even more significance than the exposé, is the implied attack on a seniority system that clearly works against the party by giving power to Congressmen who consistently oppose the party's principles. The report states that these men have "a basic disagreement with

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Democratic programs, policies and principles in general. The disaffecting Democrats were not voting against extreme or radical proposals, but programs and policies which could be—and were—supported by Democratic chairmen representing a broad range of philosophical and political attitudes." So who needs them?

Practical Agitation

The phrase is credited to John Jay Chapman, the eccentric moralist who took literally the Biblical injunction that if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off. Practical agitators are springing up all over. The cutting edge of this new ethic is to be found in the professions, and now comes the timely action of a group of New York City physicians who decided last July that a lobby of some sort was necessary in the interest of the patients of the twenty city hospitals which minister—after a fashion—to the needs of the "medically indigent" and the totally poor. The organizers were Dr. Seymour M. Glick and Dr. Gerald E. Thomson, and they called the organization the Society of Urban Physicians. They have enrolled 120 chiefs of service, and these top men expect, in time, to recruit their staffs.

The doctors are at present in revolt against drastic cuts that are in prospect for the city hospitals, already chronically short of funds. The city has ordered the hospitals to cut their budgets for the 1969 fiscal year because a reduction of state aid is in prospect. In this contest Mayor Lindsay, Governor Rockefeller and the state legislature all appear to be at fault. The legislative leaders are bowing to the wishes of the Republican conservative wing, which is bent on holding welfare spending to an arbitrary minimum based not on human needs but on angry protests from taxpaying constituents. Mr. Rockefeller feels he has no choice but to acquiesce. Mr. Lindsay is using the hospitals for leverage against the upstate politicians who regard New York City as a Gomorrah in which the shiftless poor are living high on the hog. The doctors at the city hospitals know the actual conditions. In daily contact with the sick poor, they are aware of the current inadequacies of the hospitals and refuse to cooperate in a further reduction of services.

The crisis broke into the open several weeks ago at Harlem Hospital, when the medical board voted to stop receiving all but emergency cases because of inability to give proper care, owing to lack of funds. The protest spread to other municipal hospitals. Interns, nurses and neighborhood organizations lined up with the doctors.

The latest development, as outlined by Dr. Glick, is that members of the Society of Urban Physicians may try to keep the city from collecting certain Medicare and Medicaid fees. The accounting machinery requires the officiating physician to sign a waiver whereby the city, instead of the physician, receives the fee. The money goes into the city's general fund. The doctors contemplate diverting these payments to the hospitals where they work, "exclusively for the upgrading of patient care." One way or another, they insist that elected officials must be forced to realize that "human life must receive a higher priority."

That the municipal hospitals should be allowed to sink to their present level of patient care is a disgrace to the city. Nearly half the population of New York City is dependent on city hospitals and other public health facilities. The solution is probably to turn the hospitals over to a public corporation that can operate them efficiently. The "practical agitation" of the doctors may hasten that change.

Special Issue: April 21

THE COPS

Blue Power, Law and Order, the Uniformed Minority, Race and Rebellion, The Friendly Fuzz, Up from the Ranks, Theory and Street Sense

Nine experts discuss the social implications of the police and the patrolman's view of himself.

Meal Ticket for the Hungry

Assigning responsibility when a federal government department falls down on the job is generally a futile exercise. However, a case brought by California Rural Legal Assistance against the Secretary of Agriculture may yet produce results, even if the defendant never goes to jail. CRLA is holding Mr. Hardin responsible for USDA's failure to introduce food stamps into sixteen California counties which have so far refused the program, even though 400,000 to 500,000 of their residents are poor enough to qualify. Mr. Hardin has been summoned to explain why he defied two orders from the Northern California Federal District Court last February and December to introduce the program over the heads of the county supervisors. If he fails to appear, he will be in contempt of court, a status embarrassing for a Cabinet official. Either way, CRLA hopes that the ensuing publicity will help get the USDA off the dime.

The Department's handling of its main food programs is a classic illustration of hamstrung bureaucracy. All three of them are hedged with restrictions which annoy or shortchange the recipients, and all but the food-stamp program are clearly more concerned with disposing of agricultural surplus than providing an adequate, balanced diet. More seriously, the programs still leave a colossal hunger gap. Some 7 million low-income people get food stamps or commodity surplus, at an annual cost of $527 million—and another 14 million go without either.

Part of the reason for this sorry record is that despite their welfare function these programs have been handled by the USDA rather than Health, Education and Welfare. Hence key decisions about funding have been made by agriculture and appropriations committees, dominated by Corn Belt conservatives and other agribusiness spokesmen, who have blocked nearly every attempt by Congressional liberals to expand the program.

In California, the county boards of supervisors are thoroughly imbued with the Protestant ethic which deplores welfare as a Socialist plot and a free ride for the shiftless. On the other hand, many of these supervisors accept farm subsidies as a fact of life.

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CRLA claims that it is unconstitutional to deny needy people access to federal food programs solely by reason of their county of residence—especially since $3 billion a year in agricultural subsidies go to growers, regardless of where they live. If CRLA can make its argument stick, twenty-one other groups are waiting to follow suit, including Texas, Missouri and South Dakota, where court actions are already pending.

Even if Mr. Hardin chooses to remain in contempt of court, the California case may generate some support for Sen. Walter Mondale's bill (S.6) to provide free stamps for all low-income people; it might even spur the Administration to carry out the recommendation that federal spending on food and nutrition programs be increased by $1 billion a year. It will certainly reinforce the belief of some members of the Senate Select Committee on Hunger and Malnutrition that all food programs should be handled by HEW. Secretary Finch looks favorably on this idea, and is said to consider running some experimental programs from his department. If the hungry can latch onto this bureaucratic rivalry, it may prove the best meal ticket they have ever had.

Dr. King: A Year Later

By any reckoning, Martin Luther King, Jr. was one of the greatest Americans, if not the greatest, to emerge in the last twenty years. He worked tirelessly for equality of the races, for peaceful social change, for the reconciliation of black and white.

The anniversary of his death was eclipsed by the funeral of General Eisenhower—one of the accidents of publicity. Certain Republicans and Conservatives, however, disgraced the state of California by a willful refusal to honor Dr. King's memory in a purely symbolic way. A resolution calling on Gov. Ronald Reagan to proclaim April 4 Martin Luther King Day passed the Assembly without difficulty; it then ran into trouble in the Senate. Referred to the Rules Committee, it was stalled for days. Senate Democrats finally tried to force it onto the floor, but failed by a 20-to-18 vote.

The leaders of the opposition were two Conservatives —John Schmitz of Orange County, well known as a Birchite, and H. L. Richardson, once on the staff of the Birch Society. Schmitz argued that the image of Dr. King as an apostle of nonviolence was false. Richardson came up with the usual bilge to the effect that King was an associate of Communists. Apparently the logic is that whoever cries out for social justice must be an associate of Communists, and that opposition to the Vietnamese War is the hallmark of subversion.

Throughout the country there is strong sentiment for a national observance of Dr. King's death, a sentiment that is practically unanimous among the educated and enlightened, black and white alike. It is a good idea and might in some small measure help remove from the nation the stigma of the assassination of this great and good American. But candor compels the bitter admission that the memory of Martin Luther King is not as green or as vivid a year after his death as one might have expected. For the time being, the prevailing disposition appears to be a reluctance to be reminded of his death. Memphis is still Memphis (see "A Year Later in Memphis" by Henry P. Leifermann, *The Nation*, March 31), and the Republican-controlled California Senate, in a spasm of partisan spite, refuses to honor Dr. King's memory. A measure, perhaps, of how much we miss this great man is the growth of rancor, the polarization of demands, the intensification of rhetorical passion that have impeded social advance in this country in the year since he died.

Odds on the Croupier

The AEC is planning in Nevada underground explosions larger than any heretofore detonated, and Howard Hughes, the wealthy recluse, is raising pointed questions about them and threatening to go to court if he does not receive satisfactory answers. *The New York Times*, while asserting the AEC's responsibility to proceed with circumspection, points to Mr. Hughes's enormous real estate holdings and gambling interests as rendering him "not unbiased" and states editorially that the AEC "is under no obligation to make Las Vegas safe for the croupier."

We do not agree. There is nothing in law or logic to say that croupiers may be exposed to radiation hazards from which other citizens must be protected, and in this case what is bad for Mr. Hughes is bad for the country at large. The mass death of sheep and the seismic uneasiness apparently caused by the drilling of a spectacularly deep hole for the disposal of poisonous wastes have already indicated that the government's experiments with novel forms of slaughter are not conducted with entire prudence. Dr. Frank W. Stead of the U.S. Geological Survey has warned that the atomic test chambers are now reaching a depth that makes shock prediction impossible.

Mr. Hughes has long experience in the drilling of oil wells. Beyond that, he possesses the resources and a cantankerous insistence upon his rights that make him an unusually formidable opponent. If he is worried that the projected blasts may poison the Colorado River and compromise the geologic substructure of Las Vegas, it is scarcely an answer to say that professional gamblers are naughty fellows undeserving the solicitude of newspaper editors and other solid citizens. Hughes is determined to make the AEC prove that its projected underground holocausts are both necessary and foolproof. The agency's scrambling attempt to meet his challenge suggests that there is more at stake than house odds and desert motels.

Bad News for the SST

Dr. Karl D. Kryter of the Stanford Research Institute, writing on "Sonic Booms from Supersonic Transport" for *Science*, estimates that when the British-French Concorde and the Boeing supersonic transports are put in scheduled flight in the late 1970s, and assuming that these aircraft will be permitted to fly over the United States, some 65 million Americans will be exposed to an average of about ten sonic booms a day. This average is

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composed of about 39 million who would receive from one to nine booms and 26 million who would receive ten to fifty. It is particularly from the latter victims that one might expect a howl that would restrict SSTs to flight over water.

Dr. Kryter does not try to judge whether such a limitation on the aircraft would rule out their use on economic grounds. What he does instead is novel: on the basis of field tests made here and in France, and on laboratory measurements simulating the kind and intensity of noise to be anticipated, he estimates the legal claims to be expected—on the principle that people are entitled to compensation if they are exposed to personal annoyance, or damage to their property, from a source deemed to be in the public interest. For U. S. long-haul, overland SST flights after 1978 he concludes that the continuing *annual* legal liability would be $85 million, if the aircraft were flown by the most direct routes, and $37 million if they were circuitously routed to avoid populated areas as far as possible. These sums do not include the expense of processing paid and unpaid claims, inspection of damage to property, court costs, etc. And Dr. Kryter has assumed further that the flights will be in daylight hours only.

He concludes that the result will be "extensive social, political and legal reactions against such flights at the beginning of, during and after years of exposure to sonic booms. . . . No data can be found to suggest that any other conclusion is possible." In short (although this bald conclusion should not be attributed to Dr. Kryter) the SSTs will most probably fly only over water.

If they accept these findings, those responsible for developing these aircraft must decide whether the governmental and private funds invested in SST projects will yield a reasonable return—in profits, national prestige, or any other benefits. And since public funds and tranquillity are also involved, ordinary citizens should have something to say.

Death of a River

Do you remember Woody Guthrie's spirited song, *Roll On, Columbia, Roll On*?

The Columbia isn't the rolling river of Guthrie's time, thirty years ago; a system of dams has made the lower half a chain of lakes. And the "Great River of the West" is now the "hottest" stream in the world, because its waters are used to cool the reactors at the atomic plant at Hanford, Wash. A recently concluded six-year study of the lower Columbia River by the Oregon Board of Health states that more radioactivity is found in the stream than in any other known body of surface water. State Sen. Ted Hallock, a strong conservationist, called the survey the "first signature on the death certificate of that river."

In 1966, the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration, after issuing its own report citing the high level of radioactivity in the Columbia, asked that the pollution of the river by the Hanford works be stopped or reduced by executive administrative order.

For some reason, the federal government has declined to provide additional funds to continue the surveillance. It has agreed to let the Oregon Board of Health continue to use the monitoring equipment installed for the study, but the Board of Health is not operating on unlimited funds. Although the river is "hotter" now than it was in 1966, the experts continue to insist that the level of radioactivity is still below the maximum permissible concentrations. However, several other atomic plants along the river are planned, and what then?

Two things can "kill" the Columbia, says Senator Hallock: rises in water temperature and radioactivity. Another plant—or even continuation of the present level of pollution—might write the final "signature on the death certificate" of the legendary "Great River of the West."

The New Dimension

In the early years of the century Thorstein Veblen warned the American moneyed establishment that their greatest peril was from the engineering profession. If the hitherto tame technicians ever turned against the vested interests, woe betide. It has never come to that, but today there are signs of disaffection among the science intellectuals. They manifest a growing concern about the *consequences* of what they are doing, and that is something new, at least on the present scale.

Writing about the research halt last month at certain American universities, James Eayrs reflects on its significance in the *Toronto Star*. So sizable a bloc of scientists "would not have devoted one hour, let alone twenty-four, to the examination of their consciences had they not been deeply troubled." Many of these same savants used to agree with Edward Teller, Eugene Wigner and others that science is neutral and that in the end knowledge, of itself, will bless us all. But does it, in the hands of those who take it from those neutral minds and utilize it for purposes of their own? One has only to consider some of the harebrained (not even vicious) things that are being done, such as shipping by rail 300-gallon canisters containing a nerve gas called G-B, a few drops of which are enough to kill a human being.

Till near lunacy became the rule rather than the exception, scientists, and even more so, engineers, felt that the military could be trusted to make sound judgments on the basis of scientific recommendations. But as the evidence to the contrary has accumulated, many scientists, and even some of the engineers, are thinking of making their own judgments. They are beginning to realize that, *as scientists,* or near scientists, they have a moral responsibility. They cannot, then, refrain from offering political advice. And when they do, and the advice is not followed, what next? Science is their mission, but they do not have to be investigators for the state. In fact, if they are sore enough of conscience, they cannot be, for the ideas which might lead to great discoveries will never be born.

They are troubled because the roles and missions of scientists, politicians, militarists have become all mixed up, with few if any of them involving only technical military decisions in the traditional sense. Thus the scientists are not intruding into areas where they have no expertise and no business. It is the areas that are expanding and forcing the scientists to reassess their own responsibility.

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They see that unless decision making is informed, at all levels, by a sense of moral responsibility, in the end there will be a total absence of such responsibility, as happened in Nazi Germany. Even now, in an ostensibly free country, we make decisions on a low-level, instrumental basis, because we have become conditioned to think and react in those terms.

Scientists have been encouraged to serve as an arm of the military. The military have been encouraged to think that they "hire" the scientists and need not heed their misgivings. Simultaneously, the military have become increasingly political, forestalling even a well-meaning President like John F. Kennedy with *faits accomplis*, and in effect determining policy.

As long as the scientists could keep their heads down, they did just that. Had things remained as they were in Veblen's day, the scientists would still be acquiescent. But the more sensitive can no longer bear the amoral, actually unpatriotic role they are ordered to play. Thus "a new dimension" is added to the decision-making process.

REVOLUTION DEFERRED

'LAW & ORDER' IN PAKISTAN

AIJAZ AHMAD

Mr. Ahmad is a Pakistani poet and translator who is at present teaching in the SEEK program of the City University of New York. He is editor and co-translator of Selected Poems of Ghalib, *to be published in 1970.*

Martial law has just been imposed on Pakistan for the second time in its twenty-two years as a nation. It seems evident that the armed forces decided to dispense with Ayub Khan, who became President when martial law was declared in 1958, in order to retain their power in the face of opposition from the Left as well as the civilian elements of the Right. At the same time, the new military regime has been installed to perpetuate the domination of East Pakistan by the West Pakistanis, and to contain the upsurge in the East of a widespread, anti-American, pro-Peking opposition. In other words, the military are playing their traditional political role: defense of the *status quo*.

What will happen now can be predicted by all who care to read the omens (Western correspondents aren't among them). The Left will retire to the underground from which it had emerged for a few months, and will try to gird itself for real revolution instead of mere agitation. Despite its minatory military courts, the regime will on the whole be benevolent. And for the time being it will not be threatened; General Yahya may have a couple of years in which to play another Ayub. Pakistan's alliances, against which the masses have been agitating, will continue. The masses in East Pakistan, students all over the country and factory workers in Karachi will go back to work, and to brood on the future. Next time, they will not arise again until they have enough shotguns and plenty of shells—that will take a couple of years.

Pakistan has been from the start a land of contradictions, for which it is now paying in oppression and blood. A country largely anti-imperialist and anti-American has been fed countless volumes of American propaganda and millions of dollars worth of American aid—and its rulers believe their interests are served by the continuation of both. A people of high political sophistication, who only twenty years ago created a whole new country in defiance of both India and Great Britain, has been subjected for more than ten years to a military regime that is unyielding in autocracy and notorious for corruption. Though this country is divided into two almost equal parts, separated by the whole width of India, only very minimal effort has been made to bring the people together. Indeed, East Pakistan, the more populous part, feels that it is being dictated to by the Western segment. In a country growing economically at a rate so fast that it is being extolled as a model throughout the developing world, wealth is concentrated in the hands of the so-called "twenty families," no appreciable advance has been made against the prevailing illiteracy, and corruption is so severe that Ayub's son has progressed within five years from a monthly salary of about $150 to possessions estimated at more than $20 million. Above all, the political system is obsolete. That is the *status quo* which martial law is to defend.

Come what may, a few developments are almost inevitable. The Pakistani masses have been able to test their power, and oligarchs in future will find it very difficult to repress their next rebellion. The millions who participated in the unrest now checked by the military are for the most part anti-American and a very large number are openly pro-Peking. The masses, at least in West Pakistan, have found a compelling leader in the young, pro-Peking ex-Foreign Minister, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto. It has never been sufficiently recognized that East Pakistan's very powerful leftist opposition is not merely an affair of colleges but goes deep into the countryside. Now the formation of a Communist government in the neighboring Indian province of West Bengal offers East Pakistan the first serious alternative to union with West Pakistan that it has ever had. It will be thinking seriously of seceding and forming a separate state with West Bengal and Assam.

In short, one is talking about not simply another political movement in yet another Asian country but the balance of power—in fact the map itself—of the subcontinent, and what may yet become the most significant new revolutionary movement in Asia. The situation is fluid and somewhat chaotic, but pressures are discernible and very clear patterns are emerging. So when Bhutto, harassed by

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rightist terrorism, says, "There must not be another Indonesia in Pakistan," Americans should try to understand what he means.

Serious dissatisfaction with the Ayub regime began to grow in Pakistan during the early sixties, when the people took stock of their situation in the following terms:

¶The political and constitutional structure Ayub had developed permitted only about 80,000 people, out of some 120 million, to have any direct participation in or impact on the electoral process.

¶His economic policies, although generating an overall progress, concentrated wealth in a few hands.

¶Economic progress was accompanied by an inflation which hit the middle and poor classes very hard; by corruption, and by American aid which had intolerable strings attached to it.

¶While the United States was following with Pakistan and India a neutralist policy biased toward the latter, Pakistan had committed itself wholeheartedly to a pro-American policy that was damaging its relationships with China, Russia, Eastern Europe and the emergent revolutionary forces in the rest of the world.

While the discontents arising from these factors were growing, war broke out with India, followed by the ceasefire and the controversial Tashkent Agreement. The circumstances under which the Tashkent Agreement was signed indicated to a large number of Pakistanis that Russia and the United States had twisted Ayub's arm. It was also believed quite generally in Pakistan that the agreement was signed without the acquiescence of Mr. Bhutto, then Foreign Minister. The conclusion of the agreement, Bhutto's departure from the cabinet and the resumption of American aid came in such quick succession that few Pakistanis failed to connect them. Since then, Bhutto's popularity and prestige have grown—partly because many feel that since he has been disgraced by Ayub he must be a man of honor. Meanwhile, Ayub's position was eroding rapidly, in some degree simply from failures of judgment, as, for example, his decision not only to jail Sheikh Mujib-ur-Rehman, the most influential of East Pakistani leaders, for almost three years but also to charge him, apparently on false grounds, with conspiracy and seditious intent.

In 1968, Bhutto formed his People's Party, under the slogan of "Islam, Democracy and Socialism"—which sounds like a lot of humbug but isn't to the West Pakistani intelligentsia and middle-class youth. Then, last November, somebody, allegedly a student, tried to assassinate Ayub. The attempt failed, but the campuses caught fire. Bhutto refused to condemn the demonstrators on the ground that they were resisting dictatorship; and, carried away by the surge of protest, he began asking for violent confrontations and for alliance of students, factory workers and farmers. By December, Bhutto was in jail, the opposition leaders were walking out of the National Assembly, the cities were paralyzed by strikes called by the students and supported by millions, the schools were closed, former Air Marshal Asghar Khan had entered politics and was carrying on work very similar to Bhutto's, demanding nationalization of essential industries and withdrawal of the Presidential ordinances limiting freedom of the press. By January, Ayub was offering to negotiate with the opposition; but with Mujib and Bhutto in jail and Bhashani, the Socialist leader, boycotting negotiations, the opposition was in no position to enter any dialogue. On February 6, Bhutto announced that if the State of Emergency, first imposed in 1965, was not lifted by the 15th of February, he would start a fast unto death. Demonstrations grew in size and intensity, and by the middle of the month more than 150 people had died in the disturbances. Ayub lifted the State of Emergency on the day Bhutto's ultimatum was to expire, released Bhutto and, six days later, took himself out of the forthcoming Presidential elections. He then released Mujib, dropping the charges against him. It was obvious that the situation was out of his hands and that the military chiefs had refused to rescue him.

After taking himself out of the race, Ayub conferred with all opposition leaders except Bhutto, who refused to meet with him and demanded instead his immediate resignation, elections to be held on the basis of adult franchise, and the election of a new constituent assembly. Ayub granted the principle of universal adult franchise, but agreed to nothing else, and left to the opposition the task of solving internal differences. The rightist leaders, hoping for a peaceful transition of power from Ayub to themselves, urged an end to demonstrations and violence. But the rebellion continued, partly in response to terrorism from the extreme Right and partly to push through its original aims in that hour of Ayub's weakness. After a lull of hardly three weeks, West Pakistan was again beset by strikes in factories and among the low-paid professions. In East Pakistan, the rebellion never subsided and everybody acknowledged that the students were the only real power in the province, and that they controlled all walks of life. Even senior officials were conceding in private that the rebellion and the terrorism were now drawn up along class lines.

At this point, word came from Islamabad that, in view of the failure of the police to insure tranquillity, the government was considering tougher measures. Since troops had repeatedly been called out in all the cities during the previous six months, that was rightly interpreted as the signal for martial law.

When Ayub withdrew from the forthcoming elections, he wanted to play Johnson to Bhutto's McCarthy. But Bhutto is no McCarthy and Pakistan has a political culture potentially far more revolutionary than that of America. Unlike the aloof hero of New Hampshire, but like many Asian leaders who want to rise and survive, Bhutto is developing into a man of the streets and the masses. When people in his constituency—that is, the students—get their heads bashed by the police, he goes out into the streets, makes angry speeches, lands in jail and, three months later, comes out a hero.

Bhutto is undoubtedly the most attractive leader to emerge in West Pakistan. In a country where most cabinet posts in the past ten years have gone to colorless, ill-educated, opportunistic, traditionalist, middle-aged men, he has much to offer: youth, sophistication, left-wing politics, personal integrity, a style that can stir the masses as

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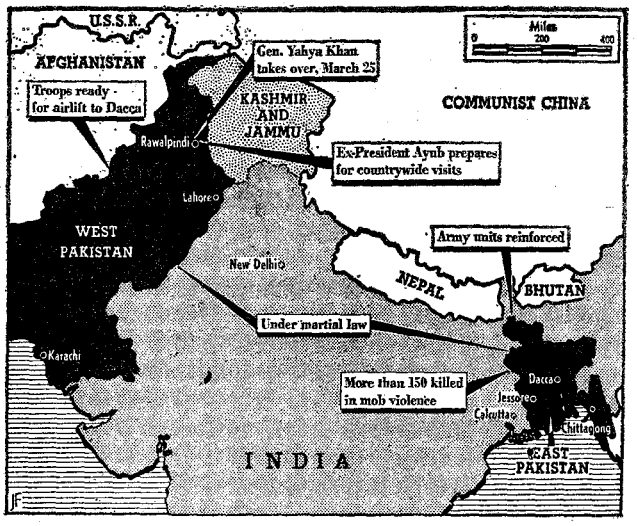

Joan Forbes, Christian Science Monitor

much as it stirs the universities, and experience as a Foreign Minister in whose time Pakistan normalized its relations with China and some other Communist countries. In addition, he possesses a qualification that pays high dividends in Asia these days: Americans hate him. It is now widely understood that his dismissal was one of the primary conditions for the resumption of American aid in 1966. The press in India as well as the United States has represented him as a hard liner on Kashmir, and has created the impression that he waged the 1965 war against India single-handed. About Kashmir, Bhutto is certainly tough, but so is every other Pakistani leader. With the sentiment in the country what it is, a politician can hardly be anything else. The real reason why Bhutto is being singled out by India and the United States is that he is, emotionally and politically, pro-Peking. Needless to add, this has only enhanced his popularity at home.

Bhutto is no Communist; he is a millionaire several times over, and by feudal inheritance too. His bias toward China must be understood in less obvious terms. America demands such subservience and obsequiousness of its non-Western allies that any Asian leader of self-respect is driven to a position far more to the left than he might otherwise have taken. This problem is greatly increased if the Americans happen to be dealing with the heir of an old, distinguished and proud Asian family, who has also a first-rate intellect—as is certainly the case with Bhutto. Beyond such personal matters, the most significant single political event of this decade in Asia (other than the near victory of the Vietnamese people over the American armed forces) is the emergence of China as a great world power; Pakistan is too small, too weak and too close to the Chinese border to ignore this fact. Two facts implement each other: Pakistan must establish a cordial and effective relationship with China; and the example of the Chinese revolution is a source of inspiration for the young men and women in Pakistan.

Bhutto is caught up in this historical and geographical reality. When he talks of socialism, he *may* be talking of an aristocrat's socialism, à la Nehru, but we need to remember two things: only a man who promises at least socialism has the ghost of a chance to survive as a leader in Pakistan today, and Bhutto is at present the only reputable national leader, other than Bhashani who is 83 years old and has a smaller following, who is doing that. But there is no reason to believe that Bhutto is being merely opportunistic. A good case can be made that what Bhutto represents is an Asian, non-Communist response to America's Vietnamese policy; he, along with his countrymen, has seen what America does to its allies.

The main problem Bhutto faces is that his mass appeal is limited thus far to West Pakistan; and even there he faces opposition, not only from pro-Ayub elements but also from a large, rightist section which opposes him as much as it opposes Ayub. In East Pakistan, the pro-Western Mujib-ur-Rehman had appeared to be the leader with the largest following, which has been gathered over the years on issues such as provincial autonomy and what amounts to self-government for East Pakistan. Of late, however, there has surfaced in East Pakistan what one suspects was there all along: a very strong, pro-Communist movement, to the left of Bhutto's movement in West Pakistan. Although the student uprising in Dacca was originally pro-Mujib, it has come to be dominated increasingly by Left-oriented students. Bhashani, who has all his life preached democratic socialism, has suddenly grown in prestige and power. However, it would be wrong to assume that, at his advanced age, Bhashani has gained some new authority. The fact is that although the radical movement exists on a vast scale in East Pakistan, it has so far failed to throw up an acknowledged new leader, and Bhashani has simply occupied a vacuum that must sooner or later be filled by a much younger leader.

Up until two weeks ago, that movement was in almost full control of East Pakistan; what remains to be seen is how long it can hold its power under the newly imposed martial law and with a disaffected and volatile Right. It is now evident that a real, bloody encounter between Right and Left was shaping up in East Pakistan, an area over which Ayub could not exert any satisfactory degree of control from his capital in the distant hills of northwestern Pakistan. By comparison with the real revolutionaries of East Pakistan, even Bhutto's pro-Socialist sound and fury is mere rhetoric; though leaderless, the East Pakistani students have gone to the heart of the matter, have gained control of the province, and are now facing terrorism from the extreme Right. Now that the army has intervened, *they* are the ones who will continue to be the vanguard of revolutionary resistance. They have perhaps lost the first round, but even in that they accomplished much more than their Parisian or Mexican counterparts. The main point, however, is that the long-awaited rebellion was begun on such a scale that it cannot be totally obliterated by anything short of a Suharto-type massacre of hundreds of thousands. I doubt if the Pakistani army has that kind of power in East Pakistan or, for that matter, the necessary degree of blood thirst. What is possible, however, and even likely, is that the army will succeed in enforcing a Daley-type "law and order" or that, failing in that, it will drive the Left and Right to a combat, leading not to anybody's victory but

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only to death, defeat or total moral loneliness for everyone concerned.

The attitude of Western correspondents has been extremely erratic. What was obviously the first popular uprising against the decade-old dictatorship of Ayub Khan was represented in the Western press as suicidal chaos. In the past, one heard similar things about China, parts of India, Vietnam. Nicholas Tomalin, of the London *Sunday Times*, writing in *The Washington Post* of March 18, carried this attitude to an absurd extreme: he seriously suggested that the South Vietnamese are better off than the East Pakistanis because the economy of South Vietnam is more viable. A week or so earlier, C. L. Sulzberger had displayed, in *The New York Times*, a depth of contempt for the East Pakistani masses which one associates with a certain kind of AID official or a small-time Kipling. The West seems to have lost so completely its potential for angry, spontaneous rejection of unworthy rulers that the sight of a people insisting on democracy and dignity is seen as a lapse in sanity. The man who, in the midst of his poverty and in face of all the crimes he has suffered, asserts his right to say "no" and die is, through a strange reversal of values, branded a vandal. One needs to remember that in countries where the electoral process has never existed or has broken down, and where men still have a moral vision, there will always be movements of popular revolt to reassert democratic values. The surprising thing about the events of the last six months in Pakistan is not that there was violence but that, considering the depth of anguish and rebellion, the human judgment was so sound and the human cost in five months of tremendous revolutionary turmoil was so low. This turmoil failed to make the transition from totalitarian military rule to revolutionary democracy. The attempt, however, contrary to the reporting in the Western press, was formidable and even glorious. What one fears now is that next time it may be less restrained and much more bloody. What is heartbreaking is that Pakistan may yet have to pay what China paid in the past and Vietnam is being forced to pay now.

OVERCLASS/UNDERCLASS

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER

JOHN McDERMOTT

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The key to understanding the oppressive class structures now developing in American society is found less in the maldistribution of the nation's property than in the maldistribution of its knowledge. Whether in the form of raw data, esoteric scientific principle, advanced industrial technique or the judgments of scientific and technical elites, knowledge has become decisive, for it is rapidly displacing wealth, real property and individual entrepreneurial skills as the growth factor in industrial production, social organization and, most important of all, political power.

This increase in the importance of technical knowledge has been embodied in the expansion of the giant institutions which have come to achieve a near monopoly over its effective use. Segments of knowledge still belong to technical specialists and pieces of knowledge to the well educated, but only the very largest organizations are able to integrate these proliferating segments and pieces into systems of productive, effective or, more likely, profitable information. That is the meaning of technological progress: the systematic application of new knowledge to practical purposes. And it dictates a continual increase in the size, wealth and managerial capacity of the organizations which seek thus to apply the knowledge. Corporations, government agencies, universities and foundations have been quick to respond.

Not only has technological progress demanded the extraordinary growth in institutional scale witnessed in the years since World War II; it has also modified it in an unusual and important way. For beyond a certain size institutions need no longer confine themselves to their original spheres of activity. Their scope and wealth, the sophistication and ambition of their managements, the urge and capacity to profit from novel undertakings, the desire not to take second place to their rivals combine to produce the diversified corporate which has become the characteristic form of organization among the larger institutions of American society.

In the institutional world, the most successful corporate bodies are those that have most diversified their activities. Their managements have accepted the challenge and the opportunity to master an ever wider range of scientific and technical disciplines and to weld them into production and distribution of ever more varied and sophisticated goods or services. Consider the variety of outputs now characteristic of our corporates and the range of knowledge they employ. A company like RCA manages missile tracking systems, does research in linear algebra, edits and markets new novels, plans new educational systems, and experiments with electronic music. The University of Michigan, another growing corporate, teaches students at Ann Arbor, advises welfare mothers in Detroit, and pacifies peasants in Thailand. The most impressive example of diversification is found, as one might expect, in the Department of Defense. High energy physics, transoceanic logistics, infantry tactics, elementary and secondary education, comparative linguistics, Greek political studies, psychiatry and astronomy are but a handful of

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the knowledges the Pentagon employs in its far-flung activities. Among corporate bodies like these, the words private and public, industrial and educational, national and international, military and civilian, no longer define significant distinctions; for, in the case of each pairing, a single group of managers, acting through bureaucratic hierarchy, has disciplined the babble of modern specialisms to its own expanding purposes.

That these facts, and their social consequences, are not more widely understood is in part tribute to the doggedness with which we cling to an inaccurate and outmoded conception of knowledge. Intellectual tradition still treats knowledge as the property of an individual man, its highest forms being humane learning, wisdom or science. This faces us in precisely the wrong direction to understand what has been happening to knowledge and its uses. The prevailing complaint is that the knowledge explosion has forced men to specialize so intensely as to lose contact with the general contours of knowledge and thus of human experience itself. But concern with this phenomenon has blocked our appreciation of a far more important one. As individual men have become micro-specialists, less and less able to understand and act from general systems of knowledge, the great institutions have become generalists, increasingly able to integrate the discrete information of the specialists into technical and organizational systems which produce goods or services.

Thus the same explosion of information which has been so unkind to the makers of intellectual systems has been a boon to the makers of industrial systems. What has been for individuals a source of private alienation has been for institutions a source of social opportunity. What has been for the former an insurmountable barrier to understanding has been for the latter an indispensable aid to Gargantuan expansion. The mathematicians, sociologists, metallurgists and psychologists of the Defense Department may be alienated from their work, but in the higher echelons of the Pentagon, as throughout corporate America, knowledge is power.

These are not new facts and, in their outlines at least, they are frighteningly simple. America believes in *progress*. Hence it gives free rein to those very large organizations which have mastered *technology*, calling this *pluralism*. Its ethos is governed, ideally, by the principle of *equal opportunity* for enormous privilege, the result being a social system called *Meritocracy* or, by some, *Meritocratic Democracy*. (See "The Laying on of Culture," *The Nation*, March 10, p. 300.) It is the *American Way* adapted to the *World of Tomorrow*.

One cannot rest easily with the maldistribution of knowledge which is so essential a feature of the American Way. For the concentration of effective knowledge of and about American society in several giant organizations can lead to no other result than a substantial decline in the capacity of ordinary Americans to control that society and those organizations. In fact, one can already observe several important tendencies which mark that decline.

First, as the institutions have increased in size and enjoyed growing monopolies, both of information and of the products and services dependent on it, their relationships to the unorganized and hence uninformed individuals who make up their publics have undergone a subtle but radical change. Whereas previously these had been to some extent political or market relationships, implying some bargaining between the interests of the two parties, they now tend more and more to become administrative, implying subordination of the interests of the weaker party. The vague feelings of impotence so widespread in this country reflect the true state of affairs; for to be a consumer of, an employee of, a client of, a citizen of, a voter of, a taxpayer of, a draftee of, a reader of, a student of, or even a member of a large institution is, increasingly, to be its victim, not its master.

Second, just as institutions have improved their capacity to act on their various publics, their managers have improved their capacity to control the internal behavior of the institutions. Former Secretary McNamara's cost/benefit systems, which revolutionized and centralized budgeting procedures in the Department of Defense, are a startlingly cogent instance of a general trend. The increasing professionalization of middle management and the growing employment of data storage and retrieval systems are among a host of new techniques which enable senior managers to exert more selective control over the internal behavior of even the very largest and most diversified institutions. The combined result of these two tendencies is that the growing command of large institutions over the vital processes of American life measures the real power of their managers over the activities of Americans generally.

Third, as these institutions gather, process and apply wider and wider systems of information and steadily expand into novel spheres of activity, the distinction between (public) right and (private) privilege disappears. Whatever is done within the confines of an institutional bureaucracy becomes for that reason a private matter, of concern only to those technicians immediately involved and their hierarchic superiors. Whether an institution is privately or publicly controlled is not material; the laws and customs of private property or academic freedom guarantee the privacy of the former, while those of national security have spread to veil the latter.

As a result of these three tendencies, politics has lost its significance as a set of devices by which the general public rules over private hierarchy. It has become a shadow, uncertainly related to the real events of the private world it ostensibly controls. This summary point must be gone into at length, for it involves much more than the traditional tricks of the traditional parties.

Those of us engaged in "guerrilla journalism" over the war in Vietnam have learned that it is no longer possible to keep up politically with most areas of national life simply by reading the conventional press. However carefully one studies *The New York Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *The Washington Post*, etc., the newsweeklies and other mass sources of information, one is at a loss to pass judgment on events unless one also follows the relevant technical press. Perhaps an instance will suffice to document and clarify this lesson.

During 1965 repeated press stories reported that neu-

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tral Thailand was being used as the base from which most of the air offensive against North Vietnam was being launched. This should have been a singularly important fact for the public debate of the time. It not only made possible a quantitatively heavier offensive against the North but represented a qualitative escalation of the war as well. Once Thai bases were used, the conflict was no longer confined to Vietnam. And, since it was likely that the Thais had exacted some price for the use of their airfields, it was also likely that the diplomacy of the war had become more complex: presumably the Thais too would now have to be satisfied in any war settlement. Finally, of course, the bases raised the possibility that the North Vietnamese would henceforth feel justified in causing the Thai dictatorship some equivalent grief, thus increasing still further the military-political complexity.

This singularly important information about the bases never really penetrated the public debate, for it was never permitted to become a public fact. By the technique of issuing "unofficial," "informed sources," "nonattributable," "off-the-record," "official" and "attributable" denials—as the situation demanded—to accompany each new press report (which were dutifully printed by the newspapers in tandem with their own stories), the government managed to obscure from the public both the seriousness of the Vietnam escalation and the gravity of its probable development. However, no such clouding of the situation affected the technical press. Journals like *Air Force and Space Digest* early carried and soon confirmed the reports and, as if to underline my point, were careful to emphasize that the government was making a major effort to hide their importance from the general public. The reason for this difference in news dissemination is plain. The climate, geography, dust and logistic peculiarities of Thailand affected the procurement of technical equipment for the short future and its design for the middle future. Persons engaged in the aircraft and electronics industries had to know about the Thai bases because they were expected to develop and act on that knowledge. They belonged to the private institutional world, and in the private world one has rights based on function. No equivalent rights exist in the public world. It is a world which, increasingly in our society, has no function.

This leads to perhaps the most important of the tendencies encouraged by maldistribution of knowledge. Stripped of any relation of control or significance to the events of the real world, people's political responses have themselves become increasingly unreal and even paranoid. That explains, I think, the wild gyrations of public opinion polls, especially those dealing with international questions. It also partly explains the appeal of Goldwater and Wallace.

This apparent irrationality is widely misunderstood. Educated Americans tend to see in the primitive style of the Wallace movement, for instance, merely a projection of the primitiveness of its individual adherents. They explain its propensity to violent solutions for various questions as an acting out of the private frustrations and fantasies of its so-called "redneck" members. But the Wallace people are not reacting blindly out of the inadequacies and failures of their *personal* lives. They are trying to react rationally to the inadequacies of their *social* lives. Uneducated people and people at the social margin of this technically advanced society correctly perceive that politics is changing so as to reduce their power to act for the advantage or defense of their own interests. They recognize that the institutional processes which disenfranchise them have already advanced to a degree that conventional political channels are closed to them. Thus they forsake the conventional parties. Of course, the substitutes offered by Wallace and his cronies also fail to reach the heart of any problem—except perhaps the expression of resentment.

Deeply sensed political incapacity extends to the Left as well, especially to the educated liberal Left. In retrospect, it is evident that the combination of President Johnson's March speech, the opening of the Paris talks, and the McCarthy candidacy caused many liberals to channel the bulk of their political energies and hopes into the campaign leading up to the Democratic convention. Having channeled themselves it was easier for others to deflect them, with the result that the McCarthy candidacy gurgled to a docile end within the hostile and muddy confines of the Democratic convention. For what the McCarthy people failed to realize was that their strength within the Democratic Party was solely and directly dependent on their strength outside it. They never had the numbers, resources, skills or strategic position within the party to win the nomination or even a continuing minority position. Their real allies were the draft card burners, resisters and demonstrators, and the broad popular movement these "extremists"—not McCarthy, a late-blooming dove—had called into being. But the McCarthy people didn't see this; they saw their campaign as an "orderly" alternative to the "extremist" movement, rather than as the expression of that movement. It was only in the brief span of Chicago that the mutually supporting relationship which should have characterized the link between the party and nonparty people became apparent and effective. But the alliance came too late to accomplish anything more than Humphrey's defeat, and has not been maintained since.

The radical Left understood the situation very little better. In spite of some evidence to the contrary, it was largely the play of events, not conscious choice, which created their effective temporary alliance with party types in Chicago. As the McCarthy campaign illustrates, the overeducated Left fares no better than the undereducated Right when it comes to analyzing and acting effectively within the ghost world of contemporary public politics. And the reason for this is that we confront a social phenomenon, not a personal one. The very political language people use is seriously debased; loyalties they retain border on total unreality. Even the actual processes which they engage in, such as reading newspapers, belonging to political clubs and voting, have small ascertainable relevance. In short, the popular political culture has become so distant from the knowledges that influence the real world of decision making that the former is no longer able to deal with the latter in any effective and humane way.

America's developing class structure would appear to

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parallel this maldistribution of its knowledge. Within and around the great institutions which now constitute the core of our political, economic and social life, two distinct classes are taking shape, both defined by their relationship to the processes of those institutions. An overclass comprises those who manage the lives of great institutions, and an underclass those whose lives the institutions manage. By means of institutional place and institutional resources, the former normally amasses the technical, scientific and political information necessary for the direction of American life and the satisfaction of its own interests. For the underclass, largely buried in bureaucratic pigeonholes, a perspective on its own situation is, socially speaking, nearly impossible. For between them and the means to put the reality of their social lives in manageable order, to formulate their interests and to act effectively in their own behalf, stands almost the entire panoply of our largest, most prestigious and most powerful institutions.

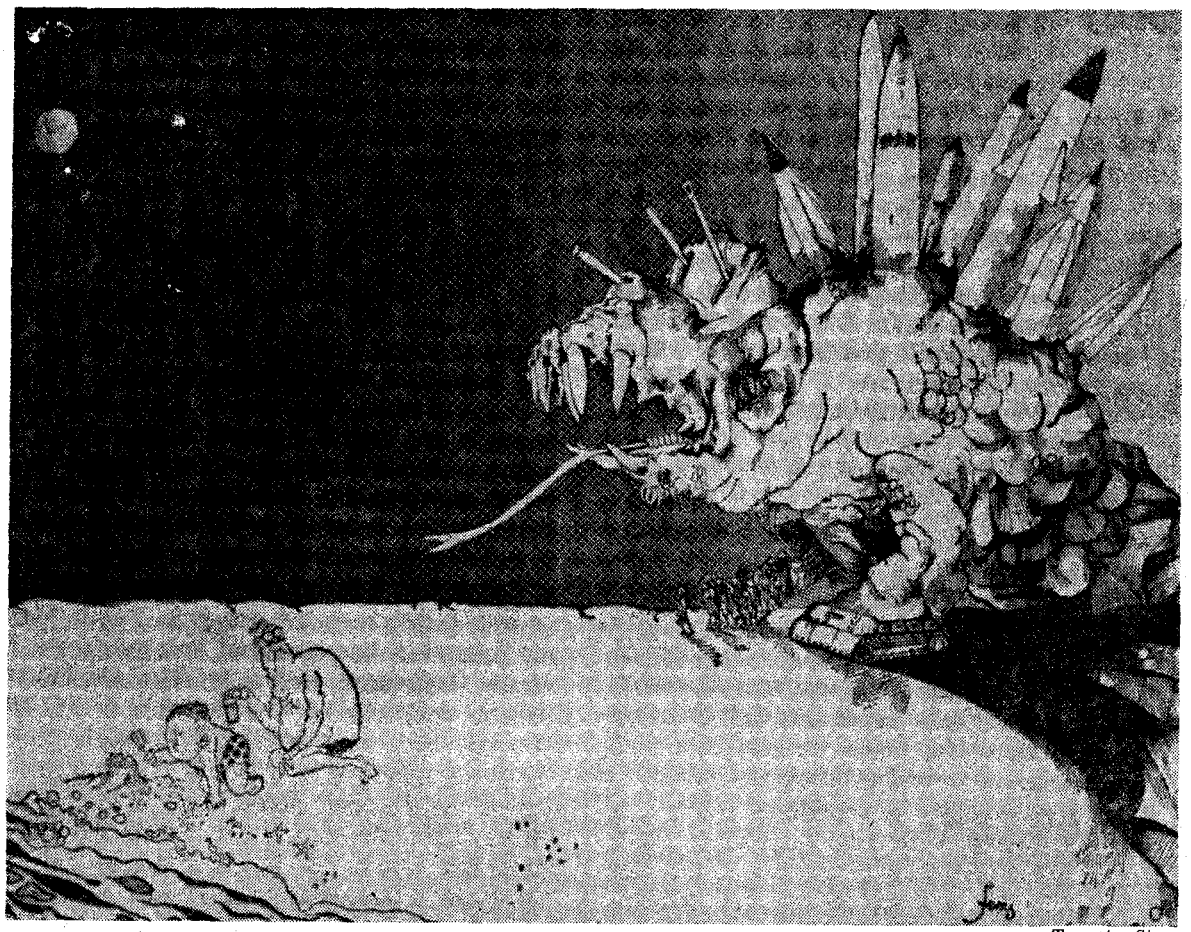
In saying this, one must guard against two important misconceptions. First, the maldistribution of socially effective knowledge provides only a guide by which the outlines of the class system may be charted. The latter's substance rests in far more diverse phenomena, namely in the interaction between the explosion of technical knowledge and the capitalist and cold-war legacy within which that explosion has occurred. It is the institutional framework that is critical here. No amount of technical information pumped into the public life stream would be likely to correct the weaknesses of underclass politics, for the underclass now lacks the social, cultural and organizational framework within which that information can be assimilated and acted upon. As I have tried to stress, the problem is fundamentally a social one, not one of making individuals better informed. After all, Senator McCarthy and his followers were "smarter" than General Westmoreland, Mayor Daley and theirs, but not so powerful.

Second, we should purge ourselves of the all too prevalent view that the new importance of scientific knowledge promotes the growth of freedom. As Carol Brightman has pointed out (*Viet-Report*, January 1968), this is an old illusion in American life and one which has, unfortunately, a considerable following even today. Carl Becker spoke for several generations of American Progressives when he wrote in *Progress and Power* that

> . . . the mastery of the physical world has been effected by scientists whose activities, *unhindered by the conscious resistance of their subject matter or the ignorance of common man*, have been guided by matter-of-fact knowledge and the consciously formulated purpose of subduing things to precisely determined ends, [while] the organization of society has been left to the chance operation of individual self interest and the uncertain pressure of mass opinion. *(Italics added.)*

Looking to the cure of our social ills, Becker shared with John Dewey and Robert Lynd the diagnosis that

> those who have or might acquire the necessary matter-of-fact knowledge for adjusting social arrangements to the conditions created by technological progress have not the necessary authority, while those [elected rep-



Toronto Star

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resentatives] who have . . . must accommodate their measures to a mass intelligence that functions most effectively at a level of primitive fears and taboos.

What is this but a literate statement of the ideological presuppositions behind which the new technocracy combines with the old oligarchy to remove public concerns to the institutional world of private decision making? Knowledge necessary "for adjusting social arrangements" has become almost exclusively the possession of a narrow and privileged class of men and women, residing in the commanding positions of America's great institutions and protected by law, ideology, custom, power and technique from the "conscious resistance" of an increasingly disoriented and feckless underclass intelligence.

For intellectuals concerned to mount effective attacks on this class system, two steps appear to have priority. First, the world of institutional behavior and the knowledges it employs must be charted far more precisely and more richly than has heretofore been the case. Current descriptions and explanations of corporate, government, municipal, union and foundation behavior are inadequate, for they do not permit a sufficiently reliable forecast of how and why institutions will act under specific circumstances. The Left is especially and perennially susceptive to explanations so general that they describe little more than anger and frustration. We are forever being surprised and undone by developments.

A good example of the low level of our understanding of institutional behavior is a little booklet which grew out of the Columbia University student strike last year and which has been circulated by SDS in the thousands to campus activists, students and faculty. *Who Rules Columbia?* is an excellent and important work of research on Columbia's Board of Trustees, and in this respect it should be, and has been, copied by other campuses. The character of the analysis it draws from this data is another matter. It tries to explain Columbia's interest in Defense-related research, CIA shenanigans, business education and the denial of student rights as a pure and simple function of the presence on the Board of Trustees of corporate, media, foundation, government and other Establishment figures. The influence of faculty ideology, alumni fears and professional administrative standards, as well as bureaucratic inertia (one of the main, designed-in "values" of bureaucracies that deal with ordinary people) is not even raised, much less explored. And the critically important role played by other university administrations, which urged Columbia's to hold the line (or the first domino) against a Red-anarchist-nihilist-nonprofessional plot, is also ignored. When one considers that *Who Rules Columbia?* is an approach to this kind of problem infinitely more sophisticated than the usual academic discussion —which equates a few pieties about academic freedom and the advance of knowledge with a worn-out theory of university governance—the problem is serious indeed.

But it is not fundamentally an intellectual problem, a matter of pure scholarship. Among the knowledges which large institutions have come to master are those which can be employed to disguise, prevent and manage conflict. Columbia, for example, might reasonably have been considered a bland, successful and liberal community of scholars until its carefully nurtured appearance was probed by the actions of student radicals. It was only then, as the Cox Commission itself pointed out, that under the stress of conflict the reality of Columbia began to emerge: ill-managed, torn by unresolved internal problems, unwilling and unable to deal forthrightly with the wishes of its student and black publics.

To the extent that the same situation holds in other corporate organizations, the response should be designed accordingly. Practically speaking, what is both needed and possible is not a disengaged scholarly literature about institutions apparently at peace with themselves and their world such as now strangles academic political science. Good scholarship here requires, I believe, a working alliance with insurgent political activity.

It therefore follows, as the second step, that the mutually destructive division between intellectual culture and popular culture should be ended. The anti-Populism of university-based intellectual culture, so evident in its attitudes toward Wallace followers, should be attacked. We should frankly recognize that that culture, comfortable in its adherence to the liberal social prescriptions of Dewey, Becker and Lynd, and confident that those once Progressive canons still contribute to the general betterment of mankind, now too often merely mask the social rapacity of the technological impulse.

Underclass assaults against American society, led by left-wing youth and right-wing adults, now pose a serious problem of orientation for intellectuals. One possible reaction was typified by George Kennan's recent widely publicized exchange with Princeton students. But the cultural exclusivity and intellectual clericalism espoused by Kennan can lead, I think, only to the destruction of any serious humanist role for intellectuals. It leaves the intellectual in the position of being a protected minority within the exploding multiversity, well away from its technological mainstream, and thereby under powerful sanction to shift roles from intellectual to intellectual technician. The difference in the two roles is fundamental: intellectuals contribute to people's self-knowledge and liberation; intellectual technicians con people while trying to control them.

A constructive alternative to Kennanism and Progressivism is not easy to describe. It requires an intellectual culture, such as has been lacking for many years, that is really knowledgeable about the concerns, activities and situations of popular life in the country. Intellectuals have to make contact with the views, experiences and problems of people who have no daily relationship to the university or who, if they have, are antagonized by it. The burgeoning radicals-in-the-professions movements, the New University Conference, draft counseling, and the various efforts to work with GI war protesters fit this description. It would help, too, if intellectuals would really face up to the fact that the gentler virtues are by no means a monopoly of the educated classes, and that there are decent visions behind the often violent and shortsighted slogans of underclass revolts. We should recognize that intellectual arrogance in these matters is a result of the same system which makes those revolts necessary.

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Midpeninsula: The Jivy League

KEITH POWER
Mr. Power is a reporter on the San Francisco Chronicle.

San Francisco

There was a natural feeling of awkwardness as the thirty students settled down for one of the first classes of the winter quarter of Midpeninsula Free University. Few of them had met before and there was no attempt at introductions. The class was being held in the living room of a handsome home in Menlo Park, a residential community south of San Francisco. Through the French windows the swimming pool glowed emerald in the night as the instructor, a big man named Robb Crist, explained in gentle, hesitant tones that if the students should feel like hitting one another, they should use only their open hands.

As it turned out, the admonition was forgotten. An hour into the class and a man and woman, strangers until that night, were wrestling frantically on the floor. The man, who said his name was Lee, pulled implacably at the blue jeans of the woman as several in the room cheered on the attempted rape. The woman, a husky blonde with cropped hair, beat at Lee with her doubled fists. Two other women finally rushed from the side lines and—using only open hands—slapped Lee away from his intended victim.

The frustrated Lee, his flushed and distraught partner, and the other students were participating in a violent kind of folk psychiatry called Amateur Night Psychodramatics. It is among the tools of the encounter group program at Midpeninsula, a school like none other on the American educational scene.

Students at MFU may learn sandal making, proper use of drugs, barbershop quartet harmony, revolutionary street tactics or sex games. The new school catalogue, a 47-page book attractively illustrated with nudes, offers instruction in bird watching, A Study of Boredom and The Cannibal Co-Op—"the participants in this co-op should be willing to help obtain some freshly killed human flesh. . . ." On page 36, a course on The Theory and Practice of Anarchy is announced directly below The Stock Market.

The registration fee is $10 and university figures show 1,275 students last quarter. About half the enrollment is from Stanford University; other students are teen-agers, working adults and housewives from the housing tracts where orchards once grew.

It is tempting to dismiss the Midpeninsula Free University as a bizarre fad. It gives no degrees; it has no official recognition. But the school refuses to be dismissed, intellectually or physically. The leadership says the Midpeninsula Free University is the expression of the community of the future, when Americans will have the leisure to explore themselves with the same enthusiasm they now devote to bowling, golfing, sailing or adultery. Despite bombing attacks and death threats from outraged extremists in the community at large, the organizers of the university insist on keeping faith with what they see as the new life style.

Doing their thing has led them into confrontation with the authorities of Menlo Park and neighboring Palo Alto over use of public land for New Left demonstrations and be-ins. They have won a case against Palo Alto in federal court and forced the city's council to agonize for many hours over the constitutionality of a new, restrictive park ordinance.

Even within the school community, doing your thing can put you at a distance from someone who is doing something else. Thus several factions within the leadership are tugging the university in several directions. The most spectacular of these is the encounter group, whose people use gentleness, or ruthlessness, in an attempt to rid one another of emotional and sexual hang-ups. "One guy belted me on the jaw and knocked me against the wall," Robb Crist said, smiling fondly during an interview. "And later he couldn't remember doing it, man."

Fortunately for Crist, he has at 39 the body of a light-heavyweight. As for his mind, he has studied political science at Stanford University, attended the Pacific School of Religion, spent six months at the Karl Jung Institute in Zurich, worked on the violent ward of a mental hospital for four years, undergone what he says was an Indian mystical experience, and taken sixty acid trips. He says that the acute interest that was expressed in LSD and other mind-boggling chemicals when the university was getting started about two years ago has diminished among the encounter people, but he sees a permanent place for them in the new America he envisions.

"The use of drugs in a sensible way is going to be an accepted part of the American educational system. They won't take you to heaven, but at least they'll give you a glimpse of it faster than meditating for five years in front of a blank wall. I'd much rather have my son take acid than smoke cigarettes or drink whiskey.

"All education does now is train people to get more things. The university of the future will spend at least a third of its time dealing with the personal problems of the students."

Amateur Night Psychodramatics approaches personal problems by closeting people together and forcing them into self-revelations. For example, Lee, the middle-aged, would-be rapist, gasped: "I've been in a hole twelve years and I want to get out of it." His ordeal included being pinned to the floor by a younger, stronger man while a Greek chorus of a few experienced psychodramatists made cruel, speculative remarks about him. "You don't have any friends, man," they told him. "You know a lot of people but you don't have any friends."

Crist, the psychodrama director, assigned the role of Lee's recently divorced wife to the blonde woman with the suspiciously cropped hair. The rules of the psychodrama say any of the onlookers may crouch behind the players and voice the lines they really should be saying.

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The truth prompters were unnecessary in this play because Lee, after being told he was good only as a money provider and cuckold, and the blonde, after being told she was frigid and emotionless, began fighting. Under the whiplash of cracks about his virility, Lee turned the wrestling match into a sexual assault and the blonde player's screams took on an authentic ring. "I didn't want to walk around without my pants on," the woman half apologized after Lee had been lady-slapped away.

Amateur Night Psychodramatics is precisely that. For professionals, the adepts, there is the forty-hour marathon, a sort of personality purgatory designed to cleanse the soul of self-deceit in readiness for what the practitioners say is the joy of real awareness. Even some of the university's organizers are wary about the course.

Involved as he is with the activities of the mind, Crist admits to being vaguely amused by the politically more strident members of the inner core of the free university community—those who believe the establishment must be challenged on its every move. "Some of the people interested in revolution feel our encounter group draws away from revolutionary enthusiasm. When you say, 'Listen, man, why do you hate your father?' a lot of the fire a revolutionary needs is lost."

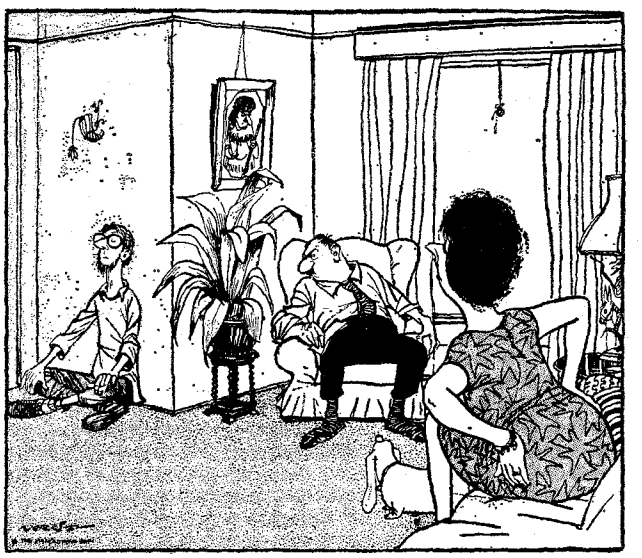
At the same time, Crist is available for the chores of street confrontation, believing, as they all do at Midpeninsula, that effort is needed to protect their idea from the straight community. Today, the chief guardian of the idea is Bob Cullenbine, who has been elected to a six-month term as coordinator, or chancellor, of the university. He described his first experience with the school: "About a year and a half ago, I was invited to come to a class as a guest lecturer on marijuana. So I brought along a lid, rolled up ten joints and turned everybody on."

Cullenbine is 30, with longish fair hair and an open, clean-shaven face. He dresses casually, but not in the extreme hippie mode. He has an A.B. in economics at Stanford University and spent a few years with the telephone company and a savings firm before, as he puts it, "freaking out." "I was really lost. I couldn't be a hippie, but I couldn't do what I was doing. Then one day my wife said: 'Why don't you make a candle?' "

Along with his duties as coordinator, Cullenbine now teaches a course in casting candles in sand. He also helps instruct a course on the Palo Alto City Council, a subject on which he is expert from frequent appearances at their meetings to protest what the school feels is civic harassment. He has been arrested in the name of the university, charged last fall with interfering with an officer and obstructing traffic after police moved in on a rock-political rally on Palo Alto's main plaza. Cullenbine chose trial by jury and was acquitted.

The broader test continues. Cullenbine and his people plan a free university session this summer. "We're inviting people from all over the country to share the free university experience. Maybe, a tent city will have to be organized."

The Midpeninsula Free University is the largest of its kind in the United States and, as such, has been the subject of study by educators and church groups from the straight world. It is encouraging free schools at San Jose, Santa Cruz and San Luis Obispo since, as Cullenbine expressed it, "they thrive best at local institutions." Midpeninsula, according to its chancellor, has an annual budget of between $40,000 and $50,000. Almost all classes are held in private homes, so the physical plant of the school are a print shop, a much bombarded store, the



Norris, Vancouver Sun

quarterly catalogue and a newsletter. The cherished goal is a community center and the school, financed with an announced $40,000, including private donations, is shopping around.

"We were thinking of putting out a good businessmen's lunch at the center, you know," Cullenbine said, "so that the older generation could come by and get in touch with the kids."

The presence of an estimated 200 teen-agers at a university which advises on drug use and sexual experimentation has brought charges that the school is corrupting youth. To which Cullenbine replies, "Yes."

"If these people are really worried about them, then they had better get in touch with their kids. We've invited parents to some of our courses. They may not have approved of them, but they aren't walking around afraid any more."

The university's attorney, Jim Wolpman, wrote in the school's newsletter: "The Free University is not responsible for juvenile delinquency, narcotic use, teen-age vandalism, or the alienation of the young from their parents. If the Free University went out of existence tomorrow, not one of those problems would change in the least." As to the dialogue within the university family about the school's trouble with civil authority, Cullenbine said: "Some people find it incredible to imagine that anyone could create a decent political system unless your own head is in fine shape. Other people think that personal liberty is impossible without political liberty." Cullenbine described himself as a "moderate" within the views of the university.

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SINO-RUSSIAN FACE-OFF

THE RIVER IS NOT THE ISSUE

C. P. FITZGERALD

Canberra

It takes two to make a quarrel, and if there is one certainty about the present clash on the Ussuri River frontier between China and the USSR, it is the mutual expression of ill will. The Ussuri River is a wide stream which annually shifts its course when summer floods expand its flow. Points projecting from one bank are cut off, and become islands; islands attach themselves as points, to one bank or the other. If, with perhaps some lack of foresight, the frontier between two countries is placed in the middle of such a river, there will from year to year arise questions of what is to be done about these changes in its bed. With good will there should be no real problem: a permanent boundary commission representing both sides could arrange give and take, compensation and exchange (in the case of the Ussuri, the land concerned is mostly sandy and nearly worthless). But if both sides decide to make an issue of every new change, contesting that such and such a promontory, though now an island, or even a part of the opposite bank, must immutably remain the possession of its first owner, there will be a constant supply of causes for angry dispute. Since the beginning of the contemporary quarrel between China and Russia, these sources of conflict on the Ussuri have been exploited, not appeased, and the latest clash, we are told by both sides, is only the most recent of many. Why, therefore, has this particular incident been blown up into a major confrontation?

There appear to be at least four possible explanations. The first is that an accidental clash between zealous local border guards is being exploited by both sides to provide further ammunition for the polemical war in which they have long traded insults. In that case, it has only passing importance and, when the utmost verbal injury has been extracted, will be allowed to subside. The objection to this interpretation is that it exhibits both sides in a rather childish attitude, resorting to unnecessary publicity over the gross exaggeration of a trifling dispute, and showing deplorable lack of common sense. It seems likely that even if one side were to display these hysterical characteristics, the other would refrain from them. We have become accustomed, since the Cultural Revolution, to Chinese exaggeration and rhetorical extremism in foreign relations; but it was Russia that first gave the present incident the world-wide publicity it has received. The means used seem inadequate to any end that could be usefully achieved.

The second interpretation, which is consistent with the Russian initiative in publicity, is that Moscow seeks to portray China as a dangerous and renegade Communist power, imbued with "chauvinism" and swayed by intemperate emotionalism. Such a dangerous neighbor, ready to attack the Soviet over trifling disputes, warrants the closest supervision, and Russia thereby gains a justification for softening its policies in Eastern Europe. Berlin can, after all, be left in peace; pressure on Romania may be eased; even Czechoslovakia can be soothed, especially if, as is alleged, Kosygin and a minority of the Russian leadership opposed the occupation of that country and still consider it to have been a great mistake. Russia, like so many other countries so often in the past, may need an outside issue to distract attention from mistakes nearer home and to unify opinion.

This interpretation may explain Russian action, but not the response of China. The Chinese have no reason to help Russia out of its difficulties in Eastern Europe, least of all by drawing Russian fire upon themselves. A simple brief denial of the Russian version of the clash, without publicity at home, could have sufficed. The Chinese never gave the border fighting with India in 1962 any internal publicity at all, although they had won a notable success. It did not suit their policy to play that matter up. By avoiding mass demonstrations this time, China could have largely discredited the Russian display of indignation, and then coolly suggested a border commission to investigate the facts. The East European Communist countries, including friendly Romania, could have been allowed to draw their own conclusions.

The third interpretation is that China needed an outside issue to heal the wounds inflicted by the Cultural Revolution, solidify opinion behind the leadership and demonstrate that it was not afraid of Russia or any other power. The objection here is that the aim appears too limited and too short term in its effects to justify the risks. If the country is still deeply divided by the policies of the Cultural Revolution, no local squabble with Russia is an adequate salve. If the matter is to be exploited further there will arise the real danger of its getting beyond control, and the returns to China from such an eventuality are very doubtful indeed. A serious repulse on the frontier, such as China itself inflicted on India in 1962, could be disastrous, giving critics, now cowed, a fresh chance to oppose a leadership that had lost face.

A fourth interpretation would place this border clash in a much wider context of foreign policy. It could be that China, recovering from the Cultural Revolution, seeks to formulate a new foreign policy to replace that followed with slight success under the leadership of men now driven from power. The old policy did not give the results hoped for; there was Indonesia, and there was the abortive adventure at Algiers. These failures may, in fact, be the responsibility of men still in office, but they can be offloaded onto the suffering shoulders of Liu Shao-ch'i and his associates. The new policy may seek to test out the Nixon Administration, exploring the chances for a change of attitude in the United States to which China could make a cautious response. If, by confronting Russia, China can enhance its value as a counterweight, America

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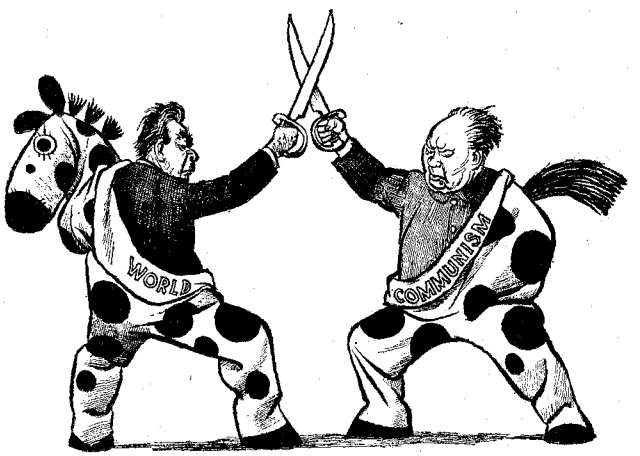
might become interested. The offer of new Warsaw talks was taken up by President Nixon with more warmth than had been shown before. China then postponed them, perhaps to demonstrate independence and raise the price. Confrontation with Russia, followed by a new invitation to President Nixon to reopen the Warsaw talks, would be a neat stroke and snub to the Kremlin. There is also Vietnam. If the Chinese have decided that peace will eventually come out of the Paris talks, and that even if there is no clear-cut victory for the Communist side, it will be followed by an American withdrawal, which would probably be irreversible, then the main reasons for treating the United States as enemy number one will be diminished. Russia, however, remains on a long common frontier. It might be time to make up the quarrel with the great sea power—or at least to cool it off—so as to be ready to meet any threat from the great land power. If the foreign policy of China is once more being formulated by men of balance and judgment, this calculation could be realistic.

The objection to such an interpretation is that it is too Machiavellian and out of character with the extremist and violent character of recent Chinese policy. If revolutionary aims still dominate, and Mao Tse-tung gives no sign that they do not, then this sort of cold reckoning and bargaining is repugnant to his ideas and would not win his approval.

It is perhaps a mistake to suppose that any single theory provides a sufficient explanation; an adequate hypothesis must cover all the facts. Internal stresses could explain why both sides wish to emphasize a minor incident, and at the same time score polemical points off the opponent, while also having in mind wider purposes which this conflict might be made to serve. It would not seem probable that either Russia or China really desires the irritation to develop into a war; the consequences of any major military operation would be incalculable, and the benefits which either side could expect are hardly perceptible. If China succeeded in occupying a large part of the Maritime Province, or the trans-Amur territories of the USSR, it would find itself responsible for the administration of a region inhabited by a large Russian population, and without any Chinese minority to assist the occupying power. The same would apply to Russia if it were to invade and occupy Heilungkiang Province on the Chinese side. Such a war, whoever ignited it, could hardly be contained in this area. It could easily involve the frontier of the Mongolian People's Republic, which on the Chinese side is the frontier of Sinkiang Province, where the Chinese nuclear weapons program is carried on, and its main sources of uranium are found. Neither party could hope to profit internationally from such a war. It would split the Communist world, devalue its revolutionary message everywhere, and leave the leadership of the far Left to the anarchists and extreme individualists whom Communists deplore.

Incidents are always possible through accident or the impetuosity of some local and subordinate commander; if then the two governments are too hostile or proud to appease such an outbreak, the consequences can fly beyond control. The risk of such major eruptions was much greater in the pre-nuclear age than it is today. The essential factor in urging governments up to and over the brink was the still seemingly valid belief that a worth-while victory could be won, even at great sacrifice, and that some constant intolerable menace could be removed. No one now can harbor such delusions; victory could possibly be equated with bare survival of a remnant, as opposed to total extermination; but profitable victory is a historical phenomenon that will never recur.



Macpherson, Toronto Star

The spectacle of the Sino-Soviet quarrel, now continuing for a decade, has already done much to alter the whole world picture. It is no longer possible to think in terms of a Communist monolith inexorably opposed by combinations of free powers bound together by shared fears. The suppositions and strategies appropriate to the period when that world situation seemed real are outmoded. There is no fundamental reason why a Communist China, at odds with a Communist Russia, should not seek easier relations with non-Communist America; nor why America for its part should see the Chinese, or the Russians, as necessarily right or wrong in their mutual accusations and contests. Increasingly, ideology has become subordinated to national interests, and perhaps the most distasteful aspect of the Cultural Revolution to both Russian Communists and Western capitalists was China's reversal of that tendency and its insistence once more on purely ideological goals. If China, in a post-Cultural Revolution period, begins to put its own interests first and world revolution second, there could be some surprising accommodations and changes of policy. It is at least possible that we are now seeing the first signs of such a transformation.

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GOLDEN OX OF ANTITRUST

MORTON MINTZ
Mr. Mintz is a reporter for The Washington Post *and author of* By Prescription Only. *For his reporting in 1962 on thalidomide he won the Heywood Broun, Raymond Clapper and George Polk Memorial Awards.*

Washington

Amidst all the talk by the Administration and on Capitol Hill about tax reform, a large golden ox, which could be gored without complaint from the great mass of taxpayers, small and large, is standing almost unnoticed outside the corral. The ox in question belongs to those corporations which have been judged to have violated the antitrust laws. Under one of these laws, the Clayton Act, the courts are directed to enter judgments of treble the amount of the damages actually proved. The matter of concern to taxpayers is whether payments to settle claims for such damages should or should not be deducted from gross taxable income.

The issue acquired immediacy with the recent announcement of agreements looking toward a $120 million settlement of treble-damage suits that were brought by states, cities and other litigants against five suppliers of tetracycline and two other antibiotics which are effective against a broad span of infectious diseases. This case is of special interest, not only because the settlement would be the largest ever to be wrapped into a single package but because of certain unusual circumstances.

In the 1950s, Chas. Pfizer had a patent monopoly on oxytetracycline (Terramycin) and American Cyanamid on chlortetracycline (Aureomycin). Each firm charged pharmacists $30.60 for 100 capsules in the most common dosage. This price, which ranged from two and a half to almost twenty times the cost of production, was threatened by the advent of tetracycline, which many physicians regarded as generally superior to the chemically related products. If a patent on tetracycline was not secured, then anyone could make it; and if anyone could make it, there would be drastic price competition and drastic reductions in profits, which were as high as 85.7 per cent before taxes.

Pfizer claimed—and Cyanamid came to agree—that it had been the first company to reach the Patent Office with a practical application. The trouble was, Pfizer's process for producing tetracycline required the use of Cyanamid's patented chlortetracycline. In other words, Pfizer could not exploit a patent unless it had Cyanamid's cooperation. And so an agreement was reached under which Cyanamid would be Pfizer's exclusive licensee for tetracycline. At the Patent Office, however, there was especial concern about one point: Was tetracycline a naturally occurring by-product of the manufacture of chlortetracycline? If this was the case, no patent could be issued. Pfizer and Cyanamid provided tests and studies to assure the Patent Office that tetracycline was *not* such a by-product, and Pfizer got the patent.

Another hitch developed when Bristol-Myers, which had tried in vain to establish a place in the tetracycline market, learned that a private detective retained by Pfizer for $60,000 had been tapping its phones. The ultimate result was that Bristol, along with the Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp., and the Upjohn Co., were, in restricted capacities, dealt in. (Olin was then the parent company of E. R. Squibb which since has become Squibb-Beech-Nut.)

But the Federal Trade Commission upset things when it concluded that Pfizer, aided by Cyanamid, had misled the Patent Office and obtained the crucial patent by fraud —a finding that the Court of Appeals in Cincinnati affirmed last year. Pfizer then went to the Supreme Court, which on March 24 refused to review the case. Then, in 1961, a federal grand jury indicted Pfizer, Cyanamid and Bristol for conspiring to fix prices, conspiring to monopolize and achieving the desired monopoly—and named Olin Mathieson and Upjohn as co-conspirators. On December 29, 1967, a jury in New York City convicted the three firms on all three counts. Appeals are pending.

The issue, then, is whether companies which obtained a patent by fraud, which were convicted of criminal antitrust violations, and which were shown to have charged exorbitant prices for vital medicines should be allowed, by tax relief, to pass more than half the cost of the $120 million expected settlement to the public which had been the victim in the first place.

As a matter of law, whether the companies should be taxed is entwined with a problem of what Congress intended by imposing triple damages. Did it intend the provision to be remedial, in which event deductibility would logically be allowed? Or did it intend triple damages to be punitive, in which case deductibility would be improper? Down through the years, there have been conflicting interpretations of what Congress meant. Until 1961, the Internal Revenue Service allowed deductions for treble damages. Then, in a letter to the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation, it quietly changed its mind.

However, the agency decided to develop a public policy after the conviction, in 1961, of General Electric, Westinghouse and twenty-seven other manufacturers on criminal antitrust charges involving electrical equipment. Sometime in 1963, then Commissioner Mortimer M. Caplin discussed the matter with staff members. Their recommendations are in dispute. In any case, on July 31, Caplin and aides, including his successor, Commissioner Sheldon S. Cohen, and the Justice Department met with the accounting and law firms which represented the equipment makers.

In September 1963 Assistant Atty. Gen. William H. Orrick, Jr., in a memo to Caplin, said that when damages are paid following litigation, "no deduction should be permitted," and that to permit deduction would be to "encourage disrespect" for the antitrust laws and to reduce "their effectiveness and deterrent effect." In addition, the Department said it was "prepared to defend in court a

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rule of complete nondeductibility." Nonetheless, on July 24, 1964, the IRS announced a ruling under which payments to satisfy treble-damage claims—specifically including those following criminal convictions—"are deductible as ordinary and necessary business expenses."

The ruling produced a howl of outrage from the chairmen of the Congressional antitrust subcommittees, Sen. Philip A. Hart (D., Mich.) and Rep. Emanuel Celler (D., N.Y.), but enabled the electrical equipment conspirators to write off about half a billion dollars in settlements. GE alone saved about $90 million.

In July 1966, two years after the ruling was made, Hart held three days of hearings—ignored by most news media—on a bill to reverse it. He said that in only two years the ruling already had assured tax savings of "more than a billion dollars as cases now in process, involving price-fixing in the sale of salt, aluminum cable and other products, are concluded."

Caplin and Cohen defended the ruling as one that had to be made under the kind of even-handed administration of the tax laws which for most of the public is the foundation of what the IRS calls the system of voluntary compliance. That is, they said, they could be no less and no more considerate of General Electric and Westinghouse than of an individual taxpayer who, say, was hovering near the poverty line. Caplin and Cohen never did dispel all of the questions about how this resolute egalitarianism squared with having held a meeting at the highest level of IRS with accountants and lawyers for the equipment makers—a privilege not often accorded ordinary taxpayers.

Neither did Caplin and Cohen persuasively rebut the testimony of Prof. L. Hart Wright of the University of Michigan, an adviser to the IRS, who is a leading tax consultant. Appearing before Senator Hart, Wright said that in situations involving a somewhat doubtful tax-avoidance device, the Commissioner "does and should" act as "an advocate who is willing to litigate an important matter even though he may tend to believe the odds . . . are somewhat against him." Hart was left incredulous that IRS failed to act as an advocate by ruling against the electrical manufacturers, leaving it to them to challenge the ruling in the courts—especially because there was considerable reason to believe that in the Supreme Court the IRS would have won, and saved the taxpayers more than $1 billion.

Caplin acknowledged that a factor in his decision was congestion of court dockets. This raised another question about even-handedness, the congestion having been caused by the filing of about 1,500 treble-damage suits which grew out of the electrical cases. In other words, as Hart put it, the larger the antitrust conspiracy, the greater the clogging of the docket—and the less likely a fight by the IRS.

Hart's bill got nowhere. Neither did another sponsored by Sen. Russell B. Long (D., La.). While the antibiotics firms were on trial in December 1967, Hart, calling the IRS ruling "indefensible," tried again with a bill which would make payments in excess of actual damages neither taxable income for a plaintiff nor deductible expense for a defendant. Again, nothing happened.

Hart, who says the issue is whether "the American taxpayer is entitled to equal treatment in the administration of our tax laws," will make another attempt this year. So will Long and Celler. It remains to be seen how much help they get from the Nixon Administration and from Rep. Wilbur Mills, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 450)*

I have several questions. *The Nation* believes little evidence was produced: Art Kevin, president of the Los Angeles Press Club, reported from New Orleans that, in his opinion and that of a majority of his colleagues, Garrison had refuted the findings of the Warren Report. . . . Why did Judge Haggerty refuse to grant a defense motion for a directed verdict of acquittal, if so little evidence was presented?

And how has Mr. Garrison abused his office? In addition to the grand jury indictment, the prosecution requested a preliminary hearing (usually requested by the defense) to determine whether possible cause existed. A panel of three judges agreed that probable cause did exist. . . .

That a perjury complaint against Mr. Shaw amounts to abuse of powers is not obvious to me. The testimony of Henry E. Palmer, John Manchester and Mr. and Mrs. Tadin seems to indicate that Shaw did perjure himself. How is the complaint an abuse of powers?

Paul Boothby

The Nation has received several letters similar to this of Mr. Boothby. By way of brief rebuttal: Clay Shaw was being tried in New Orleans, not the Warren Commission Report. Even so the evidence did not unhinge the findings of the report. In fact it is Mr. Garrison's contention that uncooperative federal agencies prevented him from presenting evidence which might have done so.

Before the report was issued *The Nation* ran an article by Dr. Maurice Rosenberg, Columbia Law School [Sept. 14, 1964], in which he pointed out that the public would expect more from the report when it was issued than the commission could possibly provide—namely, *historical truth* or the kind of acceptance which usually follows where there has been an adversary proceeding. This conclusion was, indeed, prophetic. The Warren Commission Report is just what the name implies and no more, that is, *a report*. We have never thought that it set forth the whole truth or that it was the last word on the tragic happenings in Dallas. But we find it impossible to accept all the fanciful theories which have been hawked about the assassination.

That the trial judge in New Orleans let the case go to the jury merely means that he thought there was some evidence, however slight, to warrant this procedure. But the fact is that there was virtually no evidence, worthy of the name, to sustain the charge that Clay Shaw was party to a conspiracy to assassinate President Kennedy. The chief prosecution witness in his original statement to the district attorney did not mention a conspiracy and, in effect, repudiated much of the evidence he had given at the preliminary hearing.

As to abuse of powers, it is implicit in Garrison's handling of the case from the outset—the harassment of certain witnesses, the perjury complaint that has now been issued against Shaw, etc. For details see Edward Jay Epstein's well-documented account of the case (*Counterplot*). Mr. Epstein, it will be recalled, is one of the leading critics of the Warren Commission Report.

Editors

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Pushkin in His Real Life

PUSHKIN: Death of a Poet. *By Walter N. Vickery. Indiana University Press. 146 pp. $5.75.*

PUSHKIN: A Biography. *By David Magarshack. Grove Press. 320 pp. $7.50.*

SIMON KARLINSKY

Mr. Karlinsky is professor of Slavic languages and literature at the University of California. He is the author of Marina Cvetaeva: Her Life and Art *(University of California Press).*

When Alexander Pushkin was killed in a duel at the age of 37, his literary reputation in his own country had been declining for a number of years. Every verse tale, every lyric he wrote in the 1820s was eagerly received and indiscriminately praised. But as Pushkin's genius ripened and matured, as his thinking took new turns, independent of any current intellectual trends, there followed a puzzled withdrawal of the reading public's interest in his work. Russian critics and writers of the most diverse camps and orientations believed the last chapters of *Eugen Onegin* to be much weaker than the novel's beginning; it took decades for the profundity and grandeur of *The Bronze Horseman* or the Mozartean elegance and precision of Pushkin's prose tales and of the *Journey to Arzrum* to be properly evaluated and appreciated.

The suddenness and violence of the poet's death put an end to any open talk of Pushkin's decline. In the waves of popular repentance and revulsion occasioned by the shock, there was born the great national myth of the martyred Pushkin, the myth that was to turn the country's greatest poet into a sort of liberal-minded Russian Osiris or Adonis, ritually sacrificed by high society and the imperial government for defying their conventions and threatening their interests.

None of the great Russian writers who followed Pushkin was accorded such elevation of his biography into the realm of mythology. Even the least educated Russians of the past hundred years, whose contact with Pushkin as a literary phenomenon was limited to three or four hackneyed quotations, were sure to have encountered the slanted, simplified legend of Pushkin's martydom.

How did it happen? Within weeks after Pushkin's death, a younger poet, Mikhail Lermontov, launched his own meteoric poetic career with a piece of brilliant and hysterical invective, "On the Death of a Poet," in which he indicted the imperial court for destroying the solitary poet who dared oppose its opinions. The poem led to Lermontov's exile to the Caucasus and it is probably the origin of the myth of Pushkin's martyrdom. The need to indict the regime of Nicholas I was so great that the version was uncritically accepted even when the facts of the case became generally known: that it was Pushkin himself who sought and provoked the duel, that the man who killed him, Georges d'Anthès, was a foreigner with no understanding of the Russian literary and political intrigues which bedeviled the poet, and that although the Czar's treatment of Pushkin was at times revolting, neither he nor his court played much of a part in what was essentially a family tragedy.

D'Anthès married the sister of the poet's flighty, empty-headed wife, apparently with the express purpose of gaining easier access to Natalia Pushkina and seducing her. If there was a villain in the case, it was the Dutch ambassador who, motivated by a homosexual attachment for d'Anthès, kept contriving situations intended to embarrass and humiliate Pushkin, situations that eventually maneuvered him into challenging d'Anthès to a duel. Yet the historical and popular tradition chose to hold Russian society and the government responsible. We can understand the psychological processes involved when we consider how easily the act of Sirhan Sirhan was interpreted by many as proof that America is a sick society.

In 1899, on the date of the centenary of Pushkin's birth, the philosopher Vladimir Soloviov published an essay in which, with all due reverence for Pushkin as a poet, he challenged the concept of Pushkin as a national martyr. And indeed, Pushkin's exile to southern Russia (where he attended operas, drank champagne, carried on a love affair with the governor's wife, and wrote prodigiously) may have been an inconvenience, but a mere comparison of this exile with the grim mock execution and penal servitude to which Dostoevsky was subjected two decades later should easily set things in their proper perspective.

Walter Vickery's *Death of a Poet* documents the premises of Soloviov's essay and attempts to debunk the popular myth, a notoriously unrewarding task. The book is factual and readable, and outlines the historical events carefully and soberly. Were it to be published in the Soviet Union today, it would seem as scandalous and sacrilegious as Soloviov's essay seemed at the turn of the century. In the West, where Pushkin is seen as a writer and not as a victim of an infamous conspiracy, Vickery's book is not likely to shock or surprise anyone. Thus by being written in English it misses its real audience—the Russian readers to whom it might have administered a sobering and wholesome jolt.

Where Vickery concentrates on the circumstances of Pushkin's death, David Magarshack attempts a full-scale biography. Because Pushkin has been claimed as its own by every single literary, political and ideological faction in Russia, there is a paucity of balanced, unslanted biographies of this poet. The better books on Pushkin's life were all written by Russians in other languages than Russian: D. S. Mirsky's in English and Vsevolod Setchkarev's in German. Of all the numerous biographies in Russian, the *indispensable* one is not a true biography at all. It is a montage of documents, letters, excerpts from diaries, press clippings, etc., which reconstructs Pushkin's life from all available contemporary sources. Compiled with consummate imagination and scholarship by the minor Soviet novelist V. Veresaev, this two-volume collection of materials, *Pushkin in Real Life*, a classic of its kind (Veresaev also did a similar collection of Gogol materials), makes absorbing reading. It is also a sort of prepackaged do-it-yourself biographical kit, tempting to foreign would-be biographers.

In 1946, the French novelist and biographer Henri Troyat showed how it could be done. In his much acclaimed and widely translated *Pouchkine*, Troyat embroidered on the canvas provided by Veresaev. With occasional shifts of emphasis and with heightening of emotional tension, Troyat produced a typical Gallic *biographie romancée.*

Mr. Magarshack also had the sense to resort to Veresaev. Although he clearly used other sources, the narrative sequence and the distribution of quoted

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material easily establish that Veresaev's book served as the basic scaffolding. Yet, where in Russian the ostensibly dry collection of materials reads like an exciting novel, the narrative that Magarshack derived from it is insipid and pedestrian. Just how he managed to write a dull book about something as inherently dramatic as Pushkin's life is Magarshack's secret, but the causes must be connected with his general attitude to Russian literature, as manifested in his other biographies and translations of Russian classics.

Just as he sought to make Dostoevsky's Rodion Raskolnikov more accessible to English-speaking readers by dubbing him "Roddy," or as he converted Chekhov's three sisters, Olga, Irina and Masha, into "Olga, Irene and Mary," or systematically corrected the malapropisms and fractured French of Gogol's grotesques in his translation of *Dead Souls* (a description of a wine by a character as "both bourguignon and champagnon" is normalized by Magarshack to "a mixture of burgundy and champagne"), so Magarshack here normalizes and prettifies Pushkin's life story, at the same time depriving it of all color and flavor. Despite the four-letter words in his quotations from the poet's letters, there is a schoolmarmish air about the book, a tacit implication of: "This writer is a classic. Have some, it's good for you." The approach is, of course, deadly to all the joy, fun and sheer life force which are so abundantly present in Pushkin's work and in his biography.

The dust jacket of this volume (published by Grove Press, of all people) fits its contents beautifully. It displays an adaptation of the famous portrait of Pushkin by Orest Kiprensky. In the original painting, Pushkin looks very Negroid, very wise and somewhat haughty. On the dust jacket, however, he is entirely Caucasian, with a sweet and rather ingratiating expression. All the features from the Kiprensky portrait are there, just as most of the facts from Veresaev are there in Magarshack's text. Yet the Pushkin of both the dust jacket and the book is a bore. And a boring Pushkin is simply not Pushkin.

Advocate of People's Wars

VIETNAM WILL WIN! *By Wilfred Burchett. A Guardian Book. Distributed by Monthly Review Press. 215 pp. $7.50. Paper $2.45.*

STEVEN d'ARAZIEN
Mr. d'Arazien is a reporter for the Holyoke (Mass.) Transcript-Telegram. *He was Vietnam correspondent for the U. S. Student Press Association in 1967-68.*

Vietnam is to my generation what World War II was to our parents'. As history, of course, the war against Hitler is important to us and all future generations, a lesson never to be forgotten. But emotionally, it has lost its impact and is remote. It has become someone else's nightmare. We don't remember the concentration camps, fireside chats, Gold Star mothers, or the hatreds harbored for that short and strutting, loudmouthed dictator.

Our scenes are made up of whirring choppers disgorging Marines, peasant faces staring blankly, uncomprehendingly, as they are herded from their villages, their huts to be consumed after the touch of the Zippo; the *Seven O'clock Report*, the body count, President Johnson's pompous and pleading speeches, his exhortations to put down our signs, get off the streets, and get with it.

For six years now, I have been obsessed with Vietnam. And I am not alone. It eats at the guts of my generation. And still it goes on. How are we to understand this war?

Wilfred Burchett has written a book which helps. He is always labeled "an Australian Communist" when his work occasionally appears in the straight press. (He appears as a regular reporter in the *Guardian*.) The Communist label, like a poison warning on a medicine bottle, is bound to raise eyebrows. In the case of a journalist, one immediately asks whether he is trustworthy. Is he engaging in devious and duplicitous deceptions?

David Dellinger, the well-known peacenik who wrote the excellent introduction to *Vietnam Will Win!*, says: "I never caught him in an exaggeration, distortion or significant omission." Neither have I, though we have disagreed on the NLF use of the Cambodian hinterlands. Though Burchett relies heavily on NLF sources, he sometimes doubts their exactitude, and in these few cases, he quotes both NLF and American accounts.

This book tends to be discursive rather than neatly thematic, and the first five chapters rely heavily on material gathered for an earlier work, *Vietnam: Inside Story of the Guerrilla War* (reviewed by Bernard Fall in *The Nation*, May 17, 1965). That earlier book was more exciting reading because it was more particularized and less theoretical, but both works have their place and are not mutually exclusive.

Burchett split with the conventional press while he was covering the Korean War. He began to doubt the justness of the Western cause. He has since become enamored—as many of us have—of the Vietnamese. He strongly identifies with their independence struggle and has been closer to the DRV government than any other Westerner. He has interviewed Ho, Giap and Pham Van Dong on numerous occasions, and has four times followed the guerrillas through the liberated zones.

A chapter on the Montagnards, Vietnam's ethnically distinct mountain tribes, contains many valuable contributions to the growing Vietnamology. The Montagnards are Vietnam's "niggers." These primitive tribes, which lack written languages and whose major activities are farming and smoking pot, have been brutally treated by the Vietnamese, who pride themselves on their "higher" cultural attainments.

Burchett describes the DRV's creative policy for Montagnard autonomy—Montagnard power, if you like—including the preservation of their languages and customs. On the other hand, Saigon consistently pressed for their assimilation, for the destruction of their culture, while the United States tried to buy their support with promises of independence from Saigon under direct American control. The NLF has copied its Northern brothers, introducing modern farming methods, public health programs, and has developed and taught written scripts for the Montagnard tongues. According to Burchett, this approach has led to the support of most of the tribesmen.

In his discussion of NLF strategy, Burchett notes that the Vietnamese have chosen a Chinese type of revolution, operating from bases in the countryside, and finally encircling the cities. The Russian type, of course, requires an urban proletariat, absent in Vietnam.

Since Tet, the noose has been drawn tight around the American enclaves, though over the summer some new offensive search-and-destroy operations were mounted in the Delta and north near Danang. It is doubtful that at this point loyalties, the final determinant of the settlement, will shift much, and the settlement will reflect the situation as it has tended to be over the past year, bad for the United States.

Burchett trenchantly notes the shattering of some of our most sacred myths. Chief among them is the superiority of air power, touted as the key to modern warfare from Billy Mitchell through to Curtis "Bomb 'em to the Stone Age" LeMay. After years and years, and tons and tons of bombs, the same targets are targeted, and the supply flow south has increased rather than decreased.

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More important, the United States, long thought omnipotent, has been proved vulnerable: "One little war against an underdeveloped country has proved too much," Burchett notes, adding that when the *Pueblo* was seized, the only aircraft near enough for a possible rescue operation were four jets in South Korea, all armed with nuclear bombs. There's not much flexibility in that. The incident lends credence to Che Guevara's thesis that what is needed to put America out of action is "One, two, many more Vietnams." At least, Vietnam should have convinced our political leaders of the folly of trying to be the world's policeman. But one doubts it.

Burchett is best as an advocate of people's war, which he defines as war by the masses for liberation from foreign or foreign-sponsored domestic elites. NLF leaders believe success requires two elements: readiness on the part of the people for a long and difficult struggle, and appropriate leadership. They also believe the liberation movement's superior moral position can be translated into a political and military advantage. "They are fighting . . . in defense of their homes and motherland while Saigon troops . . . are under a Quisling government in the service of a foreign invader. . . ." was the way one NLF leader put it.

But this explanation is not enough. The NLF also believes the war must be understood in class terms—poor peasants fighting against exploitative Saigon landlords and profiteers. Certainly these concepts provide more motivation than the rationale given by most American soldiers, that they are somehow fighting 10,000 miles from home to keep America free. In my nine months in Vietnam, I met very few soldiers gung-ho enough to bridge that logical gap, and a host of skeptics and cynics.

A chapter on the People's Revolutionary Party (PRP), describes the role of the Communist core in the largely non-Communist NLF. Each unit includes a political officer, described as the "life and soul of the unit," a dedicated cadre who both lectures the men and sets a superior example.

Though Burchett doesn't concern himself with questions of the degree of influence the Communists exert, he does believe that the NLF program, which provides for Southern neutrality, is no mere temporary tactic, but is considered by the NLF hierarchy as "the correct policy for the whole historical period." Perhaps liberals may find this encouraging, and perhaps they can help nations that would prefer a policy of neutrality to attain it by pressuring the American Government to detach foreign aid from its current political component. If foreign aid were made nonpolitical, an NLF-controlled South Vietnam would certainly have a better chance of maintaining a neutral posture and thus avoid the dilemma of Cuba.

As Burchett correctly notes, Saigon has been teetering on the brink of collapse for ten years, while the NLF and DRV have grown stronger. Now the NLF—through the newly created Alliance of Democratic and Peace Forces—is trying to broaden its base to include bourgeois elements, thus preparing for its goal of a "government of national unity," or coalition. Burchett says that even some of those in the current Saigon regime would be able to find a place in the new government if they will only "break with the puppets."

As for the negotiations, Burchett expects both the NLF and DRV negotiators to be, like bamboo, strong and flexible. But unless the United States is willing to make political compromises and concede control of South Vietnam to elements completely independent of itself, Paris could become an all too familiar dateline in our morning papers.

A Fly in Amber

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF JEAN STAFFORD. *Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 463 pp. $10.*

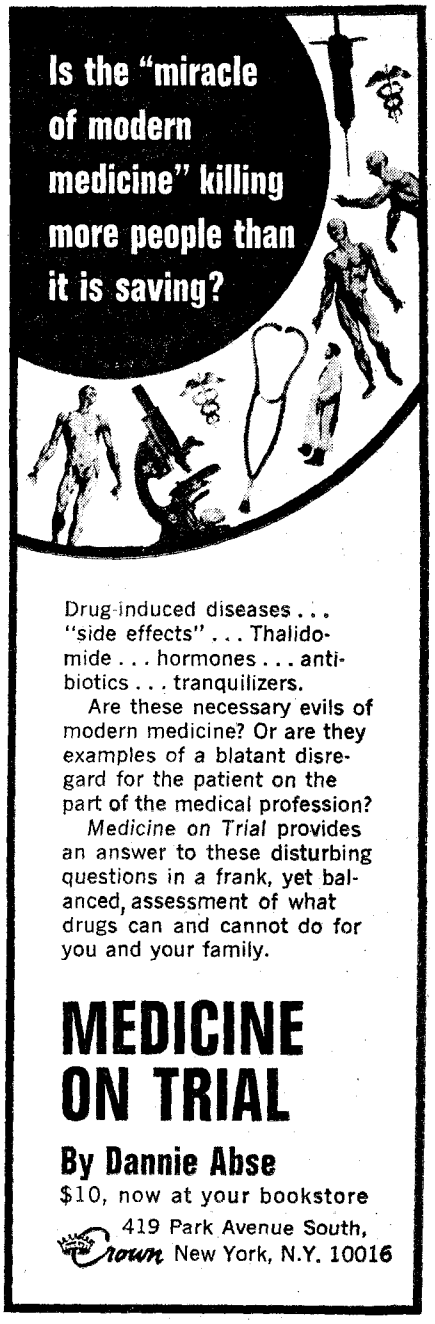
TRY ANOTHER COUNTRY: Three Short Novels. *By Barbara Rees. Harcourt, Brace & World. 178 pp. $4.95.*

EDWIN J. KENNEY, Jr.
Mr. Kenney teaches English at Colby College in Maine.

The Collected Stories of Jean Stafford are the impressive achievement of an established writer; Barbara Rees's three short novels, *Try Another Country*, are the promising efforts of a new and struggling one. Yet, they are similar in their vision and presentation of human loneliness. They show that the short work of fiction's special and necessary limitations of dramatic time, place and action are what make it such an appropriate form for the 20th-century's bewildered obsession with feelings of isolation and imprisonment, of claustrophobic desperation in which the self can turn about only far enough to feel the confinement of another harsh surface.

Reading the stories by Miss Stafford and Miss Rees is like seeing a fly in amber: one is continually struck by the incongruity of such a mean subject in such a grotesque position enclosed in such a pure and elegant medium. And one has difficulty reconciling an awareness of the amber's permanently frozen shape with the kinetic sense of the insect's anguished movement. One remains an observer contemplating a curious emblematic object, pitying the fly but not sharing its agony. These stories capture, illuminate, and preserve the lonely lives of a desperate and inarticulate underground, cut off from, yet locked within, their social communities. The moments dramatized are not significant or climactic in themselves; but they are the grotesque moments that painfully reveal to the flylike characters and to the reader the terrible vulnerability of our solitary and mean lives.

As a craftsman, Miss Stafford genuinely understands that everything put into



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the short story has to contribute directly to this emblematic effect. Every detail is chosen carefully to define the characters individually and to become a metaphor for their general state of confinement. The people she writes about are mostly away from home and, as she says in her author's note, "while they are probably homesick they won't go back."

This mood of the exile and the alien, with all of his unfulfilled longings to belong somewhere, is fundamental to Miss Stafford's conception of the modern condition. Her stories show Americans in Europe and Caribbean divorce colonies, Americans from the South and West in the Northeast, and city people in the country—all grimly satisfied to be away from "home" but confused, frightened, and unhappy in the life they have found.

Socially, the characters in these stories are inhibited by the special tedium of rules and activities of the institutions to which they are driven in their desire to survive: a hospital, resort, church, school, boardinghouse, jail, farm, poorhouse, museum or apartment building. This range of communal institutions, together with that of geographical settings, enforces the view that universally the human consciousness, as one character feels, is "confounded utterly, like an orphan in solitary confinement."

Their lives provide them with no real goals and no real forms of fulfilling expression, of true liberation. All the accessible, conventional possibilities have become restraints upon man's intensely felt needs and values, not vital manifestations of them. But Miss Stafford also sees clearly that her characters are as limited by their own bodies and minds as they are by any social institutions. They feel imprisoned by their own physical beings, whether they are diseased, or beautiful, or tired, or actually maimed and ugly, or simply too young or too old. The body humiliates the self by betraying it and becoming its most intimate prison, not only in space but also in time.

Paradoxically and pathetically, these characters are ultimately caught up in their main source of energy: their desire not to be confined, to escape from the meanness and squalor of their lives. The little girl in "Bad Characters," when impatient and oppressed by the company of her friends, bursts out with horrible invectives and drives them away for good, only to discover that she does not like the solitude she had wanted. "In the Zoo" and other stories show the consequences of accepting the cynical and solitary creed characteristic of the boardinghouse: "Life was essentially a matter of being done in, let down, and swindled." Such resignation may protect the self from immediate destructive despair, but it must be maintained by paranoid hatred or deadening anguish, and often ends in a growing hysteria at the inability to cope with unsuspected and inexplicable feelings of guilt.

These thirty fine stories by Jean Stafford have all appeared before, either in *The New Yorker* or in the book collections, *The Interior Castle* (1953) and *Bad Characters* (1964), and they complement and amplify one another in this handsome collection.

In Miss Rees's stories, lonely characters in their frenetic quest for freedom hunt down and ensnare others as well as themselves. The tales in *Try Another Country* are called short novels, and this ambivalent name suggests their fault; they are not so gracefully and economically concise as Miss Stafford's stories, and they are not made of subjects large enough to merit extensive development in a full novel. But they do reveal a potentially powerful ironic vision, for Miss Rees defines her subject as the general difficulty of "choice in a permissive age," where everything is there to be tried. Her characters have no moral or practical prohibitions against anything except superficial pastoral content based on the lifeless morality and practicality of their parents' comfortable suburban homes. The liberation they seek is apparently there for the taking, but it is unsatisfying because they cannot make anything of value out of it. They become as automatic in their responses to life as the detested middle class.

"Mrs. Wall, Mrs. Wall" is the longest and best of Miss Rees's stories, not so diagrammatic and melodramatic as "Sidney, Oh Sidney" or "Poor Margaret." In it Miss Rees creates three strong characters intensely aware of themselves and of the others, who fall prey to one another because each is so trapped by his own desperate needs. If the Italian Vittorio, with all of his Latinate sensuality and shrewdness, is playing "Hunt the Foreigner," Mrs. Wall, in her disappointment at not having lived her life to the fullest, is hunting for someone cruel enough to shock her daughter, Flora, out of her imitative prudence. Flora sees the trap being set for her by both Vittorio and her mother, but she finally submits to it because of her own overwhelming desires for the exciting pleasures of Vittorio and Rome. In so doing, she makes the hunters her own victims in the very act of being victimized by them.

This pattern of mutual exploitation is repeated in the other stories. Lulubird, running from her Southern home, is ensnared in New York by Sidney, who is trying to avoid his family's conventional metropolitan Jewishness. Margaret, in trying to escape the confining responsibilities of marriage and children—of sustained love—monotonously uses and is used by male homosexual lovers, and is disappointed in her unconsummated affair with a married man. In the absence of any traditional restraints, the emotional and sexual needs of these characters may be freely expressed, but they become the most viciously oppressive of all the prison houses of the soul.

Miss Rees's title for these stories, *Try Another Country*, is uttered in agony by poor Margaret at the end of the title story, which concludes the volume. The effect of setting the three stories in New York, Rome, and London is exactly that of the wide geographical range of Miss Stafford's work. It is to warn that one cannot try another country, for human life is everywhere the imprisoning of the self by the self. There are no final, bloody-headed victories on the barricades in either of these collections; there is only the desperate and futile struggle to crawl out of the suffocating confinement of one's own bag—the solitary struggle of a fly arrested and ennobled by the amber of fiction.

Constructions

THE PEOPLE MACHINE. *By Robert MacNeil. Harper & Row. 362 pp. $7.95.*

TELEVISION NEWS. *By Irving Fang. Hastings House. 320 pp. $8.95. Paper $5.60.*

LAURENCE GOLDSTEIN
Mr. Goldstein, critic and film maker, is on the staff of N.B.C. News.

"Good night, David. . . . Good night, Chet . . ." filtered into the American imagination thirteen years ago; and the language, the rhythms, the concept of television news was changed, and with it much of the way Americans see one another and the world.

It is almost impossible to believe the words were actually *written* as part of a script. And so harmonious—nearly perfect—the relationship between Huntley and Brinkley (even their names are assonant) that it is equally hard to believe that they weren't invented. The *Huntley-Brinkley Report* is, of course, a construction—one in which the events of the world flow through Brinkley's conversational ironies and Huntley's patriarchal resonance. Each offers different possibilities of vision, alternative language and inflection. Events conform

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Give them this day their daily bread.

Think of the last time that *you* were hungry. Really hungry. Was it because dinner was late? Or because you missed a lunch?

Can you imagine what it is to go through life never knowing what it is like *not* to be hungry? Subsisting day after day on a few greens around noon... and some pinto beans in the evening? Nothing more. Nothing different. And not even enough of that.

It sounds incredible. And it is incredible. Because it's taking place right now... in the midst of the good life so many of us are now living in America.

But walk down the back roads of most any Mississippi Delta town and you'll see tenant farmers, field hands, seasonal workers ... and their children ... with stomachs bloated, eyes dulled, feet swollen, arms and legs matchstick thin.

The irony is that they aren't starving at a rate dramatic enough to arouse the indignation of the nation and the world. Otherwise something would have already been done.

One of the programs that is aiding many of these families is the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan. Under this plan a needy family can convert a 50¢ food stamp into as much as $12.00 worth of food. The problem is getting that 50¢, because many families have *no* income at all.

The NAACP Special Contribution Fund has begun a nationwide drive to help thousands survive. If you can do with one less "dinner out" this month, the money can mean a month's supply of meat, milk, and bread for a family of five. Just $10.00 buys up to $240.00 in food stamps.

If you would like to contribute to this fund, please send your tax-deductible check, for as little or as much as you can, to the NAACP Mississippi Emergency Relief Fund.

Thank you. And may *your* next meal be a little more enjoyable.

NAACP MISSISSIPPI EMERGENCY RELIEF, DEPT. C1 BOX 121, RADIO CITY STA., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019
(A project of the NAACP Special Contribution Fund—tax-deductible arm of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.)

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to the individual cadence of their deliveries and merge with their personalities until the world is seen in the delicate balance between their two styles. What happened was that news had become stylized information.

Since there is no immutable, objective criteria for what is news—just traditions that have grown, developed and changed within each news medium—the potential of the medium itself has become the mold in which events finally take their shape. John Lawrence in Vietnam for C.B.S. began his piece on the destruction of a small village with an extreme close-up of the face of an old woman wailing her loss. Her face contoured the decimated area. Her cry was the sound of the battle that had ended. The fact of just another small battle had become information.

In just forty-five seconds N.B.C. captured unknown David Stanley's uphill battle for the Senate against Iowa's popular Governor Hughes. The film showed a montage of quick cuts picturing the exhausting range of Stanley's daily activities, while the sound track endlessly repeated Stanley's plea, "Hello, I'm Dave Stanley, I need your vote." Information!

A.B.C. did a news feature on a community action group's success in West Virginia. In just one shot lasting a minute, without a cut, the film showed: The outside of a mine in which millions of dollars of coal are extracted yearly—pull back to reveal an enormous train yard with thousands of fully loaded coal cars taking the state's wealth beyond its borders—pull further back and tilt down to show a man raking leaves (the man had been a miner for fifteen years before his job was eliminated by automation and now he is on the county's welfare rolls, assigned to do mindless work) move past the raker to a house being built by a group of men (these men are also on welfare but they were trained to build a house for one of their fellow poor under the federal government's new concept of community action). Information!

Robert MacNeil, who worked for N.B.C. as a correspondent for seven years and now works for the B.B.C., judges television news against what newspapers can do. For him, it is the flashy, undisciplined offspring of print journalism, and he mostly finds it wanting. "[Television's] journalistic achievement is still erratic. Its content demonstrates capricious selection, due not only to lazy news judgment, but to the unshakeable belief that picture must come first. When good picture and hard, important news happily coincide, the result is often powerful. When there is important hard news and no relevant picture, then television is in trouble." Nowhere does he come to grips with what is a "relevant picture" or acknowledge that facts are not news until they are translated into understandable information. Thus the anchor man of a news broadcast is dismissed as a "front man" and the drive toward pictures dismissed as a show-business aberration. The central problem is that MacNeil has not arrived at exactly what television news is.

MacNeil is quite good when he points up many of the defects in the structure of the television news organizations—that they are dependent and often at the mercy of a corporate body whose prime motive is profit, that the "fee system," in which reporters get paid by their number of appearances on the air, discourages time-consuming investigative reporting, that there are no adequate research facilities for backgrounding stories, that television basically reacts to stories carried by the other news media rather than initiating coverage, and that much of what is said on the air comes from the news wire services rather than from its own reporters. But these defects, while important, are not critical. Most of them could be remedied. What is critical is when television news fails on its own terms because those terms are not fully understood by the people working within the medium. And here MacNeil is of no help at all.

Ironically, the last half of *The People Machine* documents, in striking detail, how politicians and the public relations firms who work for them have grasped the essence of television's power and have bent it to their needs. In describing the evolution of political commercials, the television victories of Nelson Rockefeller and Ronald Reagan, the ingenuity of elected officials to appear favorably in television newscasts, MacNeil shows a sophisticated awareness of how facts and impressions, when in skilled hands, can provide exactly the information that is meant to be conveyed. MacNeil sees the dangers—an Orwellian fantasy played out in our own living rooms; but he doesn't see that the same technique in the hands of skilled journalists can distill the facts of a news event and accurately convey the impressions of the reporter and film crew who covered it. The value of MacNeil's book is its overwhelming concern for the integrity of television, his excellent research into its problems, and his ability to point out many of the hidden defects within its present structure. But the structure is not the medium, and it is in this critical area that MacNeil fails to extend his insights.

Dr. Irving Fang, who is currently assistant manager of the A.B.C. News Political Unit and who (I write this with awe) "aided by an IBM 1401 computer, did his doctoral dissertation on the subject of clear writing in television news," has written a textbook on television news that enshrines its defects by praising its techniques. If something is done in television news then all one must know is how it was done, not alternative concepts of doing it. It's a how-to-do-it book, a bit like paintings whose colors you fill in by number. Given the technique you will always get a picture. In news departments across the country, the same technique, the same picture.

The book is a lucid, accurate document of the place to which television news has evolved in the late 1960s. It clearly shows the potential television journalist the wide range of skills he must master and it offers useful advice in mastering each skill. But Fang never acknowledges that television news exists in a thicket of problems from which experienced newsmen have been trying to extract themselves since its inception.

Dr. Fang encourages the use of film handouts by the PR departments of major companies without questioning the film's use or even bothering to suggest that, if used, it should be labeled for what it is. He says that politicians are their own best PR men, and never suggests that a station may be taken in by a contrived event. He describes how newspapers and the wire services may provide "rich veins of new leads" without suggesting that television might develop its own sources of news. He never questions the practice of local newscasters reading commercials (although he admits "the practice is not generally applauded"). And he is scrupulous in acknowledging the marriage between a television news show and its sponsors: "As many newscasts across the country have proved, the best showcase for a commercial is a competently produced news program," which leads to the inevitable advice: "There should be no juxtaposition of product and unfavorable news about the product."

The intellectual content of the book is about on a par with Dr. Fang's homily, "As you grow older, experience is the best commodity you provide in return for a paycheck. The experience of the veteran is worth more than the energy of the beginner. Their comparative paychecks reflect it."

Although television news has been around for nearly two decades, and is the sole source of news for millions of Americans, there have been astonishingly few critical studies of it. The fact that Dr. Fang's textbook is one of the most thorough and useful books of its kind is alarming. The fact that MacNeil's book wasn't written years earlier is equally alarming. Television news, for all its faults, has developed and improved without much guidance from the community it serves. If it is not better, perhaps we should look to the community that continues to accept it uncritically.

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Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

COMPANIONS OF THE HOLIDAY. *By Donald Richie. Walker & Co. 197 pp. $4.95.*

When the mistress of an American household in Tokyo departs for a few months, a varied group of Japanese servants are left to speculate on the reason for her leaving, as well as upon the meaning of their master's strange behavior with his young "modern" Japanese secretary. Mr. Richie has lived in Japan for many years. He has written a charming, funny and very touching novel which, as so many Western novels set in Japan have only hoped to do, succeeds in showing us a great deal about Japanese character and society. It does so under the light guise of recording the day-to-day intrigues that make up the lives of its characters, but occasionally it reveals more serious intentions, as when a beloved old dying woman who has unquestioningly devoted her life to service recalls her youth. It is a little too long, and suffers from a disappointingly pat ending. But these are small flaws in an otherwise classic little novel by a writer who is a frequent contributor to *The Nation*. And the handsome jacket, design and general production, done in Japan, make it a bargain at $4.95.

A NEST OF NINNIES. *By John Ashbery and James Schuyler. E. P. Dutton & Co. 191 pp. $4.95.*

A Nest of Ninnies is not maddening because it's boring (it is); worse is the way it goes on at such length, and with such obvious delight, making such fun of its subject that it ends up endorsing it. "It" in this case is the vacuous, humdrum, so-meaningless-that-it's-supposed-to-be-funny activities and conversations that comprise most of American middle-class daily life: eating boring and expensive food, going on absurd, pleasureless vacations, endlessly discussing one's friends, engaged in similar activities. Mr. Ashbery and Mr. Schuyler (who did what?) are very sophisticated, and there are some really funny lines. But, like satires about the emptiness of advertising or the absurdities of academia, which are read with complacent irony by admen and academics, it is the kind of novel whose existence depends on readers who find their own lives absurd but see no possibility for making them otherwise. "We may be silly," the authors seem to be saying, "but we certainly are cute."

SANCTITY: or There's no such thing as a naked sailor. *By Dennis Selby. Simon & Schuster. 190 pp. $4.95.*

This witty homosexual novel of suspense is a lot of fun until the last few pages, when what is intended as a dramatic and highly symbolic ending turns out to be a combination of sick and *Reader's Digest* mystical. Too bad, because Mr. Selby writes with great style and verve. His hero is a beautiful con man *extraordinaire*, who has some hilarious/sinister adventures at various levels of gay society; but the ill-conceived ending throws a tinge of pretense over a novel which had been previously distinguished exactly for a refreshing lack of it. (I hope *Sanctity* will be the last novel this year which gets compared by its publishers to *Rosemary's Baby*. In Selby's case, this is a particular insult; he's a writer of considerable comic talent, and such a description has become as tired by now as the "black humor" tag which is still getting slapped into the flap copy of any first novel that contains a laugh.)

BLACK JACOB. *By William Mahoney. The Macmillan Co. 247 pp. $5.95.*

Mr. Mahoney has been a field worker for SNCC and SCLC, and *Black Jacob* is billed as "the first major novel to come out of the Movement." Its central figure, Dr. Jacob Blue, is a black Mississippi physician who has decided to run for Congress. He finds himself trapped between the pressures of his bourgeois professional friends, whose sad ambitions align them with a brutal white-power structure, and those of his real constituency—the poor blacks whose political existence he has always been able to uneasily ignore until the present, when he needs them. Jacob's awakening to which side he's on comes too late, and too unconvincingly to save the novel from old-fashioned melodrama. Perhaps events have moved too fast to produce a novel about the civil rights struggle which could be more than an interesting footnote to history, but Mahoney's characters never expand beyond the points of view they have been created to represent, and even those seem to exist here in a weird limbo, rather than as parts of a continuing, recognizable process. One wishes that the author had set down his own experiences in documentary form instead of saddling them with the demands of a standard, fictional framework.

THE SPORTING CLUB. *By Thomas McGuane. Simon & Schuster. 220 pp. $4.95.*

In the way it sets about conveying its vision of American life, this tight, funny, elusive and aristocratic novel reminds one of *The Great Gatsby*. Set at an upper-class hunting and fishing club in Michigan, it describes the close and sadistic friendship between two rich young men whose exasperation with each other is mitigated by their common contempt for their marvelously stuffy club associates. When the club's centennial celebration reveals the real nature of its revered founders, the hell which has preceded the event recedes a bit, and for a moment the real nature of the two heroes' relationship is also clarified. Contained within this hard, wry, thoughtful tale, is a good deal of beautiful writing about hunting and fishing. Mr. McGuane is one of the most original and interesting young novelists to have appeared in a long time.

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

COLLECTION: Operatic Arias. Pedro Lavirgen, tenor. Madrid Concert Orchestra; Eugenio M. Marco, cond. Westminster WST 17159, $4.79.

MOZART: Operatic Arias. Hermann Prey, baritone. Dresden State Orchestra; Otmar Suitner, cond. Angel S-36481, $5.79.

COLLECTION: Operatic Arias. Norman Treigle, bass-baritone. Vienna Volksoper Orchestra; Jussi Jalas, cond. Westminster WST 17145, $4.79.

BELLINI & DONIZETTI: Operatic Arias. Beverly Sills, soprano. Vienna Volksoper Orchestra; Jussi Jalas, cond. Westminster WST 17143, $4.79.

The LP record has done away with the form-destroying cuts and the rushed tempos that often characterized 78 RPM recordings of shorter musical works, but has substituted the so-called "recital record," a form of packaging frequently carried out with a minimum consideration for what might comprise a tolerable listening sequence. In fact, many such records, especially in the operatic field, amount to little more than publicity puffs—calling cards presented, as it were, in octuplicate. Even with singers of intelligence and skill, such successions of arias out of context rapidly engender tedium, to say nothing of the auditory spectacle of the average Stentor belting his way through the obvious chestnuts of Verdi, Leoncavallo, Giordano, et al. Señor Lavirgen is certainly no better than average. While his occasional dubiety of pitch and consistent insensitivity to dynamic variety might be just bearable during an evening at the opera house, the multiple and unrelieved rev-

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elation of his inadequacies on a record is the worst possible advertisement.

Another approach to programming is that of Hermann Prey, whose record presents in stupefying sequence almost every baritone aria from the four standard Mozart operas; a progression illuminated by only one flicker of enterprise, the inclusion of *Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo*, an aria written for *Così* but not used. As often happens in such collections, the desire to achieve variety impels the singer to exaggerations, such as the heavier, forced sound to differentiate Count Almaviva from Figaro. However, the three Papageno arias (one of them stopped rather than ended, for it leads into the scene with Papagena) are well sung, and it is surprising to note that Prey hasn't recorded this part complete, for he is by far its best exponent in years.

The Norman Treigle record offers both unconventional repertory and stylistic variety: character pieces from French opera, including the death scene from Massenet's *Don Quichotte*, and more substantial scenas from Verdi (*Attila* and *Ernani*) and Boito (*Mefistofele*). As a purely auditory phenomenon, Treigle is less impressive on recordings than in the opera house—one becomes increasingly conscious of the uneven vocal material, and the verbal-dramatic projection counts for less than it would in the framework of a complete performance. (The failure to supply a leaflet of texts and translations is a disservice to the strengths of this singer.)

Beverly Sills, on the other hand, has just about everything a singer needs, but this record exploits only a limited part of her gifts. Some of the arias are hardly well known, but even sung with such accuracy, intelligence of phrasing, rhythmic spirit, and ability to integrate fioritura into a melodic shape, they remain predictable. Nobody else sings this music so well, but Miss Sills is also the finest Mozart singer of her day, and it would be regrettable were her career to develop exclusively in this Sutherland-ish direction.

SCHUBERT: Songs; *Ländler*, D. 790. Elly Ameling, soprano; Hans Deinzer, clarinet; Jörg Demus, piano. Victrola VICS 1405, $2.50.
"Romantic Duets." Evelyn Lear, soprano; Thomas Stewart, baritone; Erik Werba, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 139303. $5.79.
"Elisabeth Schwarzkopf Song Book, Vol. 2." Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano; Geoffrey Parsons, piano. Angel S-36545, $5.79.

Although it would be tempting to ascribe the generally more satisfactory effect of recorded song recitals, as compared with operatic snippets to the better taste of singers in this repertory and of the public that is interested therein, the more important reason is probably musical: songs are complete entities, not high points torn from an extended context; they begin and end at sea level, so to speak, rather than at a certain altitude of musico-dramatic tension. More breathing space between songs than is usually provided by the infinitesimal "bands" of the modern LP would be welcome, but it is possible to listen to most song records without suffering the anesthetic effect engendered by the operatic variety.

The Ameling-Demus collection attempts to re-create "the intimate style of the historic Schubertiads held by the inner circle of the composer's friends," going so far as to employ an 1835 Viennese piano in preference to the modern concert grand—but alas, the pianist's rather thumpy playing tends to undermine the natural voice-piano balance that the instrument permits, and the "intimate" part is effectively sabotaged by the presence of a decidedly spacious echo, perhaps added to (over)compensate for the use of a small recording studio. However, Miss Ameling uses her fresh, clear voice with impeccable musicianship, and I trust she will adorn many more recordings of this literature.

One of the 19th-century's neglected corners is the repertory of duets with piano, but the current prominence of two husband-and-wife recital teams (Lear-Stewart and Ludwig-Berry) seems likely to bring about some exhumations, of which the present record is a promising first installment. Some of this repertory is more interesting to sing than to listen to, and other examples belong more to the salon or *Hausmusik* tradition (in other words, hardly worth getting all dressed up and paying $5 to hear), but Schumann and Brahms, among others, found exceptionally interesting possibilities for variation of melodic structure through overlapping phrases and extensions. The Stewarts' choice of songs is not unvaryingly fascinating, but the performances are attractive and unpretentious despite such technical limitations as the shortness of the baritone's lower register.

More conventional is the Schwarzkopf program (the standard German composers, plus an irritating Russian hodgepodge: Stravinsky's wordless *Pastorale*, Moussorgsky translated into German, and a Tchaikovsky setting of an Italian text). She starts off strongly with an impressive reading of Schubert's *Erlkönig*, but too many of the songs that follow are susceptible to the interpretive coyness that is her besetting sin, and the alternation of serious performance with *kitsch* mimicry seriously disorients the superficially plausible program—you never know when another of her verbal bump-and-grind effects will turn up.

MOUSSORGSKY: *Boris Godunov*—Excerpts. Alexander Kipnis, bass; Ilya Tamarin, tenor; Anna Leskaya, soprano; Victory Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, Nicolai Berezowsky, cond. Victrola VIC-1396 (mono only), $2.50.

Recorded in 1945/46, these excerpts (the big solos for Boris, plus the Boris-Shuisky dialogue and Varlaam's aria with part of the scene following) were the phonograph's most substantial effort on behalf of Moussorgsky's masterpiece until the 1952 Dobrowen recording. They are still interesting, not only for the sometimes over-forceful singing of Kipnis but also for Ilya Tamarin's finely drawn and honestly sung Shuisky and for the pointed, idiomatic orchestral playing and choral work (one of Robert Shaw's first efforts, I believe). Under the circumstances, it would be futile to complain about the use of Rimsky-Korsakov's revision, but if the next recording of this music makes no attempt to get closer to Moussorgsky's original score, I am going to jump on it. (Oxford University Press has recently republished the authentic Lamn vocal score, and *Ur*-Moussorgskyites may also be interested in a recording of excerpts from the earlier 1874 version, sung in German, on Eurodisc 72765 KR, which may be available in shops specializing in imports.)

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THEATRE / Harold Clurman

If one wishes to summarize the present state of the American theatre in the briefest possible space one has only to note that in the 1927-28 season 264 productions were presented on Broadway and that by May 31 of this year there will probably be no more than fifty. On the other hand, in 1927 there was no Off-Broadway theatre, as the term is now understood. This season more than 100 Off-Broadway productions will have been on display, and innumerable off-Off-Broadway shows are at all times to be seen by the curious and the enthusiastic. And there is still more stage activity in those parts of the country New Yorkers speak of as "regional."

Even to see half of these productions would be to dull the edge of pleasure. I see much of the Broadway stuff (though I do not choose to review it all) and a good part of the rest without feeling the impulse to write about most of it. This is not due to the strain alone but to a reluctance to speak ill about so much well-intentioned but generally hopeless effort.

If carefully chosen, there are more performances of merit to visit away from the supermarket than in it. It is true that a large proportion of the "little" theatre shows are wretched, but that is generally the case in the history of the theatre in every period. The sad thing about the situation today is that the chief cause of the theatre's debility is economic, though there are other factors that go deeper. On this subject, I shall speak at a later date.

In a generous view of the Off-Broadway openings I have recently seen, buffs will find several points of interest: the novelist James Hanley's *The Inner Journey* (at the Forum of the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater), Russell McGrath's adaptation of Vladimir Nabokov's *Invitation to a Beheading* (Public Theatre), James Herlihy's three one-acters collectively titled *Stop, You're Killing Me* (Stage 73) and *Someone's Comin' Hungry* at the Pocket Theatre (100 Third Avenue).

The Inner Journey, though perfectly intelligible as narrative, is a symbolic play. The clue is provided by the fact that its three main characters compose the *Christian* family and that the dwarf son is called Antaeus. (Antaeus, the son of Poseidon and Mother Earth, never could be done away with while his feet were on the ground. Hercules lifted him and thus managed to strangle him.) In the play it is Antaeus who twice throws his father down and himself avoids final destruction.

The play deals with a vaudeville team of which the special feature is a ventriloquist routine, the father, Dominic Christian, using Antaeus as his "dummy." The parents suffer terrible shame at their son's deformity though they vow hysterically that they love him immeasurably. Antaeus is convinced of the opposite, hates them for it, and is ever vigilant for the chance of escape which would ruin their business: the mother, having through guilt and sorrow become an alcoholic and no longer capable of playing her part in the family act. When the Christian family is at its last gasp and Antaeus is about to make the break, he unaccountably or "mystically" desists and returns to his father's knee.

The violently intense tone of the play reminded me of the expressionism characteristic of the German stage after the First World War. Everyone steams in a paroxysm of outrage or contrition. Some people "enjoy" such spectacles because they echo their own inner tensions. After the painfully puzzling first act we are plunged into a miasma of disquiet. The company's acting—particularly that of Michael Dunn—is strenuously compelling, and the production under Jules Irving is the best of the Forum series.

Yet what does the play mean? It made me think of the white man's relation to the black race! Others may arrive at less mundane interpretations. But what I should like to bring up for consideration is that a play (or any work of art) is valuable only when it satisfies us by some immediate aspect *on its surface*, before we assign it any profound significance. On this score, I count *The Inner Journey* a failure.

Those who have seen Gerald Arpino's *The Clowns* at the Joffrey Ballet will grasp my meaning. In *The Clowns* figures drop from the heavens in the holocaust of war, a clown resurrects the corpses, there is a joyous circus celebration and then the murder of the savior by the very folk whom he has saved. It is entirely possible that I have misread the vision. But the message is less important to me than that I was exhilarated by its "superficial" charms: its color, movement, costumes, properties, tricks.

With one or two exceptions, *Invitation to a Beheading* is barely adequate in its acting, though well produced under Gerald Freedman's direction and aided by Ming Cho Lee's clever setting. It provides a picturesque glimpse into the Nabokov "enigma." The locale is the artist's mind. The central figure, who contemplates himself in a "dark dungeon," is condemned to execution. He has no greater desire than to understand his life. It makes the play a reverie. We do not know his crime except that his lucidity is dangerous. He is sure of one thing: that he is alive and that that is enough. What he observes is universal betrayal, friends are no different than foes. "I am here through an error," he says, "not in this prison, specifically but in this whole . . . world, which seems not a bad example of amateur craftsmanship, but is in reality calamity, horror, madness, error. . . ."

Nabokov's world is not mine (I suspect that it is only that of the literati) but he has fashioned it with a prodigious, very special verbal skill. There is wit in it, a wounding imagination and an infernal ego whose chief satisfaction is the knowledge that it is being watched with awed admiration. The material is hardly dramatic but its embodiment here contains a glint of unusual theatricality.

Simpler in the chamber of grinning horrors which occupies a large segment in the edifice of contemporary drama is Herlihy's triptych, *Stop, You're Killing Me*. The best part is called "Terrible Jim Fitch." In an Arkansas motel a thief whose specialty is the robbery of churches appeals to his girl to speak to him. She was a hooker he picked up, and in one of his furies he scarred her face with a knife. As a consequence she has lapsed into mutism and almost total immobility. He pleads desperately for her to say something, even if only to revile him. He offers to let her go free and gives her money to do so; she doesn't leave. He threatens to kill her but she is ready to die. They are fiercely attached to each other in a union which will forever remain a torment but which still

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is preferable to isolation. Both Rochelle Oliver—eloquent in silence—and Larry Bryggman are excellent.

The first bit called "Laughs, Etc." is a monologue revealing the obtuse selfishness of a square "sophisticate" who plays around in the hippie domain without having any vital connection with it. The final panel, "Bad Bad Jo-Jo," shows the murder of a fashionably cynical writer of popular demonology ("fun" detectives and killers) by two young nuts who pretend to be admiring interviewers. In life, says the writer, you get what you give, which the plays proves: he who has profited by the public's appetite for fictional crime is treated to the real thing.

PERSONALS

TO GENTILES:

You can always find fault with a Jew, can't you?

But do you judge justly? From a high perch others seem low. And when that high perch is based on delusions of superiority, the view is rather a distorted one.

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If your estimations of your own importance, your own popularity, your own intellect, are correct, perhaps you have a right to look down on other people who are only mortal, and have mortal failings. But, suppose your estimations of yourself are just delusions of importance, delusions of popularity, delusions of intellect? Doesn't it concern you that you are being unfair in your judgement of others?

David Koretz,
521 Park Ave.,
Detroit, Michigan 48226

P.S. This writer is not in favor of the rude awakening. It is understood that relief from delusion requires a withdrawal program. But how long must we endure people with delusions being unjust to worthy people who are not their inferiors?

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This moral tale is well acted by William Young as the affluent hack.

Someone's Comin' Hungry, a first play by McCrea Imbrie and Neil Selden, intelligently directed by Burt Brinckerhoff, is one of the better entries of the Off-Broadway season. Like Lonne Elder's *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men*, it is a realistic piece without formal innovation. In this respect, both plays are "old-fashioned," but it is in this style that American playwrights most often succeed at being interesting and useful.

Someone's Comin' Hungry has faults: it is occasionally glib in the employment of "good lines" for easy laughter (some however are really good) and it tends to move in circles—at every full stop it seems to begin all over again. Still, it is an honest attempt to reveal the accumulated bitterness of a young black Vietnamese War veteran who experiences the greatest difficulty in returning the love of his white wife. His spirit wounded by the experience of his life as a black and as a soldier, he has become incapable. His final cry is "Love me! Love me!"

The characters are all sympathetically drawn with not too heavy an overlay of bathos or special pleading. It is one of the first plays on the "problem" which treats of the black man's inability to accept the devotion of white "strangers," though that is what he excessively demands. The entire cast—Blythe Danner, Cleavon Little, Benson Terry, Jonelle Allen, Jane Hoffman—is to be commended.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

An American moviegoer is apt to feel physically at home in *The Red and the White*, Miklós Jancsó's Hungarian film of action on a sector of the Russian Civil War. The man-dwarfing sweep of open prairie (more liquid than the American plains), the arced flight of pell-mell horesmen past the emplaced camera, the sudden raids and revolver justice are basic components of the Western. The picture was made in Russia, and it no longer needs saying that Russia is beautiful.

There is about it also something of *The Red Badge of Courage*—the ambiguous currents of battle across disputed territory, the unidentified figures that become familiar by mere coincidence of appearance in successive forays, the unemphatic, almost lazy nemesis of generalized musketry that lets most men survive longer than they expect, but picks off every man in the end.

What may be less familiar is the particular type of sportive cruelty that runs through the picture (as practiced by the White troops, but then the Reds won the victory and the privilege of writing the history). It is not physical cruelty (none of our scalping or trial by fire); the killing itself is quick. But there is a tendency to play cat and mouse with amnesty, to demand ceremonious participation from the condemned, to set men running, and use them as clay pigeons. Everyone concerned seems to understand the rules: if you're caught in any game, you pay a forfeit; in the game of war, you pay with your life. It is not atrocious, perhaps, but with us killing your enemy is pleasure enough; we don't ask him to embellish the moment.

I can't guarantee the narrative clarity of *The Red and the White*. The cutting is very abrupt, the logistics of combat are nonexistent and identification by uniform is not reliable with such impromptu armies as these. Fortunes often change hands so suddenly that it would be ludicrous if it were not so lethal. The only constants are that men are escaping but will not escape and that humane impulses are irrelevant in war.

All this confusion Jancsó intends; it is his understanding of war. What I am less sure he intends is a monotony that falls over his film as it proceeds. It is not so much that situations repeat (war is repetitious and he might well intend to convey that) as that his deployment of actors and cameras falls into a pattern. A group is trapped, its members are ordered to form up, they are closely examined, shifted to and fro in different combinations, disposed of. Then on to the next entrapment: always the same angles, always the same camera sweep, always the same moment of stillness before the denouement. It is as if a single remembered photograph so summed up for Jancsó the whole content of war that it imposed itself on his every statement.

This scene loses by repetition—its meaning is displaced by its formula. What one remembers, rather, are disconnected flashes of personality from persons otherwise unknown. How a man stands as he awaits death, how another rejoices in the exuberance of a good horse. One notes how time lags when a bullet pursues its victim, how death in battle is the most trivial way to die—an unseen root in the path will bring a man down as quickly. And I was struck by the fact that, for Jancsó, there is none of the widely sentimentalized camaraderie of battle; his soldiers rarely make more than the necessary minimum contact.

Perhaps the best scene in the picture is that of a sextet of army nurses waltzing at the command of a dapper officer in a birch forest. It made no sense to me, and I thought it appropriate to war.

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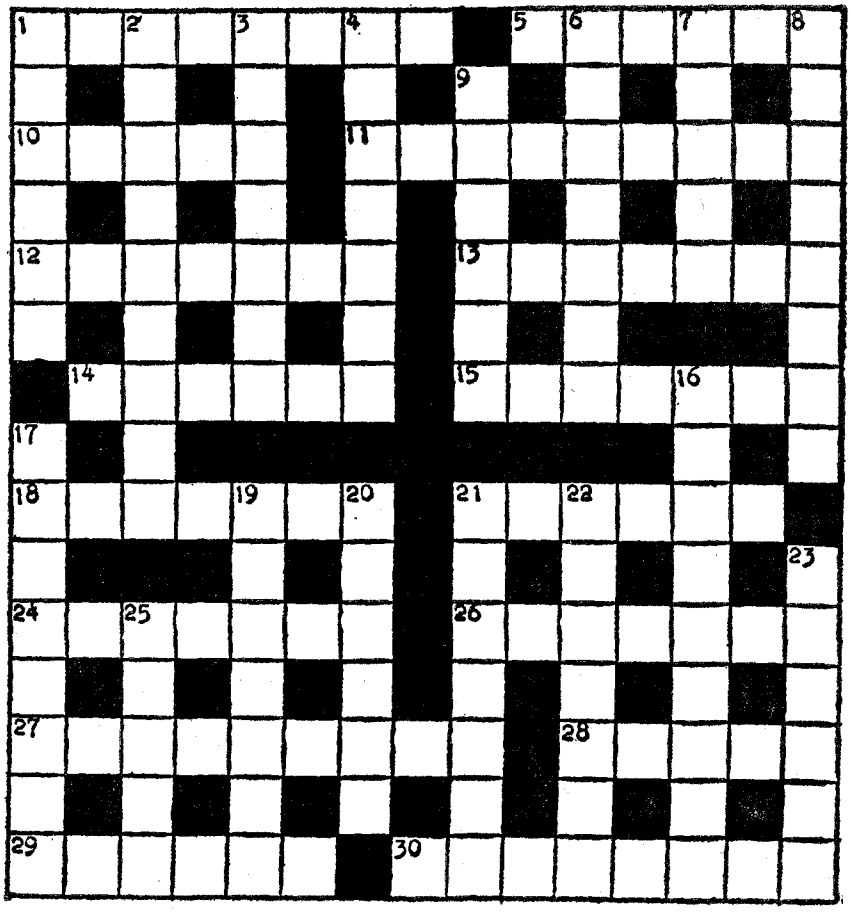
Crossword Puzzle No. 1293

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 and 13 One might to 12-11 in the army, though well-constructed as a den, it seems. (5,3,7)
5 Mother's complaint used to fill in the gaps! (6)
10 They might mark part of a second collection of Hippoboscidae. (5)
11 See 12 across
12 and 11 One might when calling a way to put the powder in backwards. (7,3,6)
14 Has faith in Big Business? (6)
15 Stick to the old city, well-known in science. (7)
18 California grower, in a leftish club? (7)
21 Finch, for example? (6)
24 The mace, as a different weapon? (7)
26 Two ways to move the boat might make a lot of hay! (7)
27 A pod is all that might be needed to make an evergreen. (9)
28 Turned on by 23, possibly. (5)
29 Cattle drives? (6)
30 and 19 down One of Saul's consultants. (3,5,2,5)

DOWN

1 Might take a different turn, as one with a number of associated rings. (6)
2 Is a bet that isn't taken without a hat?
3 Reputedly just dry spots. (7)
6 Vergil's friend, at the core of the trouble. (7)
7 Deserts in this case like Kipling's soldiers? (5)
8 The sort of comforts some of us look for in being? (8)
9 Carry high what one might have to do with difficulty. (4,2)
16 Scarlet pimpernel, not for the bleary. (9)
17 This twice appeared on Broadway. (8)
19 See 30 across
20 Lives like H. G.'s brother David? (6)
21 A gentle smack in the head of 21 across, where you might draw on the bank. (7)
22 Proving you can't make a quick conquest with Homer, perhaps. (7)
23 and 4 down Shuffle the batting order, or just use one of these? (6,7)
25 18, though colorless, suggests force. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1292

ACROSS: 1 Triple play; 6 Scab; 10 Emporia; 11 Steeple; 12 and 24 Ironwork; 13 Unassisted; 15 Needier; 16 Settler; 17 Neighed; 20 Lorelei; 22 Intolerant; 23 Stet; 25 Tighten; 26 Storage; 27 Rare; 28 Hoopskirts. DOWN: 1 The Lion in Winter; 2 Improve; 3 Lore; 4 Plainer; 5 Assists; 7 Capital; 8 Breadfruit trees; 9 Resisters; 14 Fishplate; 18 Integer; 19 Durango; 20 Links up; 21 Lothair.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

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